THE

Second Part
OF THE
Pulpit-Fool.
A
SATYR.

CONTAINING,

A Distinct Character of the most Noted CLERGY-MEN in the Queens Dominions, both Church-men and Dissenters.

LONDON:

Printed for *B. Bragge* at the *Raven* in *Pater-noster-Row*, of whom is to be had *the First Part of the Pulpit-Fool, a Satyr*, which (together with the *Second Part*) comprehends a *general History of the Clergy in Verse*; but more especially of such as are Heterodox, Lewd, and Noted *for Railing at Protestant Dissenters.* 1707. 15. July.

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THE PREFACE.

THE first Part of the Pulpit-Fool, *having given a large and distinct Character of such Clergymen as are Heterodox, Loud, and Noted for Railing at Protestant Dissenters: My Design in this* Second Part *(after I have Characteriz'd the Dissenting Fools) is to describe the Preachers that are* Wise *and* Learned.

The Pulpit-Fools *(as I said in my First Part) are chiefly such as disgrace their Sacred Function, with Railing at Protestant Dissenters; by this they expose both their Ignorance and Folly, at the same time; as will appear by proving the following* Paradox, *viz.* That Protestant Church-men, and such as Dissent from it, are Members of the same Church.

'*I affirm* (*says the Ingenious* Povey) *that every Person that subscribes his* 'Name *to an Orthodox Confession, and orders his Conversation suitably there-*'unto, *is no Schismatick, notwithstanding that he disagrees from the Church of* 'England, *as by Law Establish'd, by refusing to pay Obedience to her Forms and* 'Ceremonies. *I am sorry that any who profess themselves Genuine-Sons of that* 'Community, *shou'd so far expose themselves to the Scorn of all quick-sighted Men,* 'as *to affirm that any make Schism in our Church, but such as live unanswera-*'ble *to the Purity of her Doctrine.*

So that 'tis clear, Mr. Povey (*a profest Son of the Church, &c.*) *thinks all true Church-men, and Orthodox Dissenters* (*for so he calls the* Independants *and* Presbyterians, *&c.*) *to be of the same Church. I have ever liv'd, and hope I shall die in the same Opinion, for* (*as this Gentleman further observes*) 'Whoever will 'be sav'd must have a true lively Faith, and an universal Charity, a Temper even *and firm, a Peaceable Mind, and a pure Soul.* —— 'Twas this Christian Mode-*ration* (*to such as Dissent from us*) *that made Bishop* Burnet *say,* 'I own I began 'the World on a Principle of Moderation, which I have carry'd down through my 'whole Life, and in which I hope I shall continue to my Life's end.——

Then let Pulpit-Fools (*for they are no better that Rail against their own Church,, for such I have prov'd the Dissenters are*) *fling as much Dirt as they please to* gratifie their Passion and Ill-Nature: *I will for my own share truly love and Respect every honest Dissenter, that* Fears God and Honours the Queen; *That is,* (*to keep to my Paradox*) *I will love and respect him as a* True and Orthodox Church-man. *This made King* William *declare with his last Breath,* That he dy'd a Christian of a comprehensive Charity. *'Tis no small Satisfaction to me, to find all* WISE and Learned Clergy-men *thus moderate;*

(and

(and more especially those describ'd in the following POEM): This Charitable and Peaceable Temper is most acceptable to God, and all those that are in love with true Religion, and not a bare Opinion and empty Name only of I know not what Party, Sect or Opinion.

It is sad to behold how far the differences of the Times have prevail'd with even the better sort of Men, *and that of all Parties, how much they have blinded the Eyes and imbitter'd the Hearts of those that call* God Father, *and so shou'd each other* Brother; *'tis strange, that when Christianity obligeth its Professors to bear* with one another, to speak no Evil, to think no Evil, to forgive Injuries, yea to requite and overcome them with Good, that they shou'd practice the contrary to these Precepts, *and yet not perceive it, although they have them often in their Mouths: The one side believes the other hath too little* Charity *to be Religious, the other thinks they as much want* Zeal, and neither betray a greater defect of both than by thus Censuring each other. *What strange Ideas of one another, does the Passions and Interest of Men create? But these Distempers excepted* (which their Affections make undiscernable, and many times adopt them into Religion) *in all things else the* Clergy *on both sides approve themselves eminent Patterns of Wisdom and Piety, and 'tis not easy to say which deserve most Commendation.*

For my own part, I so adhere to neither, *as to swallow down the* Errors of *the one (as far as I can discern them) or to* reject things laudable in the other; *neither wou'd I have Objects, that are comely in themselves, appear deform'd to me, through the Fault only of a* distemper'd Organ or Medium, I *I know the God of Wisdom and of Peace, can make a sweet Harmony out of these* discordant Sounds, *and I humbly pray him to do it. In the mean time, I cannot away with a* Monopoly of God's free Grace, *and dare not conclude he favours not a Person whom he hath not priviledged with the understanding of some Points,* which it may be I count of greater concernment than indeed they are. *I cannot think it a piece of Religion to Anathematize from Christ, such as will not subscribe to every one of my Articles; but am conscious to so* many Errours Speculative and Practical in myself, that I know not how to be severe towards others.

But I shall trouble my Reader *with no more* Preface, *but refer him to the following* Poem, *for a further Character of the* Pulpit-Fool, *and his Opposite, the* WISE Preacher.

THE Second Part OF THE Pulpit-Fool. A SATYR.

I Have (already) nam'd the *Pulpit-Fool*,
Of ev'ry Sect, Degree, and Preaching School;
I now proceed to give theſe Fools Advice,
To Paint rich *Stiv'ns* in his ſcraping Vice,
Then Gibbet others for their Blaſphemies.
If I ſhou'd Write on MODERATION's ſide,
They'd cry —— *He Trims, is true to neither ſide*;
Let me write SATYR then, and at my eaſe
Vex the Ill-natur'd Fools I cannot pleaſe;
And ſince my MUSE on Satyr now is bent,
I'll further LASH the Fools that do Diſſent:
My Words ſhall bite, yet unaffected be,
And all my Rhimes ſhall, like my Thoughts, be free;
'If I meet Fools ('tho' Whigs) to Thruſts I'll go,
'Till pointed Satyr runs 'em through and through;

Their very Pulpits ſhall my Thoughts convey,
And SATYR Seal the Truth of all I ſay;
Thus ſhall my Words like Thunderbolts be hurl'd,
'Till they confound or mend the Erring World,
A *Noble Fury* does poſſeſs my Soul,
Which all may forward, nothing can controul,
Whilſt there's a Pulpit, or Diſſenting Fool:
Thus arm'd, and thus reſolv'd, I will attack
The Proudeſt Whig that now wears *Reverend Black*,
What tho', 'twas ſaid, I flatter'd MASTERS, PEN,
Yet *Jeffery Stiv'ns* and his SPITTLE Kin,
Shall find I ſcorn to lye, or flatter him.
Well then —— *The Pulpit-Fool* —— I here diſplay,
Is he that ſcrapes to give his Soul away,
'Tis *Jeffry Stiv'ns* (tho' his Coach ſay nay) —
He's a meer *C—ler* for Ingroſſing Pelf,
[Let Orphans Sink, he'll ſave none but Himſelf.]
He's that RICH-MAN that Preaches once a Day,
He'd bate that too, but that you'd bate his Pay.
He'll Preach for Gold, but yet he loves his Eaſe,
His very Preaching is a Purſe-Diſeaſe.
Thus Whig and Tory too deſerve Reproaches,
They both grow Lazy when they ride in Coaches.
J.—S.— does CANT, and Preach, but does not live,
For tho' his Gold wou'd his loſt Fame Retrieve,
He Hoards his Charity for Death to give.
This *Pulpit-Fool*, I moſt of all deplore,
The Rich-Poor-Man's emphatically Poor: (1)
He has *Goods* indeed laid up for many Years,
But ſcraping Wretch, both he and all his Heirs
May ſink— *This very Night*— in Endleſs Tears. (2)
This FOOL holds forth in Doctrine moſt Profound,
But ſure his Heav'n lies ſome where under Ground,
He Grip'd my [ALL] *for one poor Hundred Pound.* (3)

How

(1) *Cowley.* (2) *Luke* 12. 19. (3) My meaning is that a leſs Mortgage than my whole Eſtate (*which conſiſted in near* 200 *Acres in Houſes, Land, and Woods,*) wou'd not ſatisfy *Jeffery Stiv'ns* for one hundred Pound, for the Payment whereof (and one hundred Pound more which had continu'd on Bond till now, had not *Stiv'ns* by demanding a Mortgage on my whole Eſtate prevented it) I was forc'd to ſell *ſeveral Acres of Wood* for 300 *l. &c.* which, cou'd I have help'd it, I wou'd not have ſold for 500 *l.* 'Tis true, my Eſtate was *Jointur'd*, and he forbore the Intereſt for 5 Years (*which is all that pleads in his Favour*) but that was no excuſe, for his demanding an unreaſonable Mortgage, for my bare Woods (diſtinct from the Eſtate) were ſold for *Three hundred Pound*, (*Three times more than I ow'd* Stiv'ns) and wou'd have gone for 500 *l.* had they been ſold to their worth: I muſt do *Stiv'ns* that *Juſtice* to ſay, that upon my complaining that Six *per* Cent was Extortion, (conſidering he had Land Security) he made *Reſtitution* of 5 *l.* under the Notion of a Gift, as being (on the Accounts of his Coat) aſham'd to be thought a *Uſurer*; but 'tis not that 5 *l.* ſhall excuſe

How Black and Cruel is a Uſrer's Heart?
For *Stiv'ns*, aſham'd to act the Dunning-Part,
Made SNOTTY-RED-NOSE Cats-foot to his Art.
But now he's paid, this Pulpit-Fool ſhall ſee,
(*Tho' I have ſold Five Hundred Pound for three,*)
My Injured MUSE can PREACH as well as he. And

cuſe his Mercileſs Treatment at firſt, for as 'tis in the *Poem* [*He Grip'd my ALL for one poor hundred Pound.*] So much as thoſe *Two Orphans* hinted in theſe Words [*Let Orphans ſink, he'll ſave none but himſelf,*] were both excluded out of the Mortgage, for his Words were theſe, *I'll have the whole Eſtate made over by a Mortgage for the Hundred Pound, and will agree to no other Terms, but I'll promiſe (which his Banker made good by a Defeaſance, for neither Bond nor Mortgage were made in his own Name) that the Eſtate ſhall not be releaſt till the Orphans are both paid.*—— This Reader being the true State of the Caſe, (as I am able to prove by a worthy Perſon, who heard all that paſs'd upon this Occaſion, and by ſeveral Letters that were ſent to me both by him and his Banker) I appeal to every Man, [*That wou'd have a Conſcience void of Offence*, &c.] if in Honour and Juſtice he ben't obliged to make good the great Loſs I ſuſtain'd by the *forc'd Sale* of my Woods, for tho' I ow'd him an Hundred Pound, yet a *Mercileſs Man may ſcrew up Juſtice to the Pitch of an Injury*, which was the Caſe here; for had he given me till *October* 10th, 1708. I cou'd have paid him (and ev'ry Body elſe) all I ow'd to a Farthing, without ſelling my Woods; but SNOTTY-RED-NOSE, (his haughty Banker) treating me in a ſordid Manner, (even to that degree of affronting me, as to queſtion my bringing him a *Real Letter* from a Divine that had ſent it to him) I choſe rather to ſell my Woods for *Two Hundred Pounds leſs than their real worth*, than to be any longer beholding to him: But as I am now out of his *Mercileſs Hands*, I ſhall no longer conceal my Reſentments; but here tell *Jeffery Stiv'ns* that tho' 'tis true he does not owe me a Farthing *by the Law of the Land*; yet as his forcing me to ſell my Woods, has defac'd (and dammag'd) my whole Eſtate, *I do arraign* him in *the Court of Conſcience* for Satisfaction, and what I will accept as ſuch, (for I ſo much ſcruple the doing him wrong, that I dare not ſwear to the Dammage he did me) he'll find in a Letter directed—— *To* Jeffery Stiv'ns, *and left for him at the Angel in* Little Britain, of which this is a Copy, with ſome few Alterations.

Reverend Sir,

I *Ever thought it a baſe and cowardly Action (like* D. FOE*) to ſtrike a Man in the Dark, and for that Reaſon this comes to inform you, that* Vander *(your late Debtor) is the Author of the incloſed Satyr, entituled,* The Pulpit Fool; *you are deſired to read P.* 5, 6, 7, 8, &c. *where by* Jeffery Stiv'ns *you'll find, I mean Mr.* ——, *Sir, like other Limners I have flatter'd your Picture as much as poſſible, but I have drawn you ſo much to the Life (If I han't forgotten your Features) that whoever ſees the Painting at firſt Glance, will cry out, This is* Jeffery Stiv'ns *I am ſure! Perhaps you'll think me a little unmannerly for drawing your Picture without your leave, but I have ſaid nothing but what I am ſure is true, and what, except you repair my Damage by*—— (*Perhaps not the 4th Part of the Loſs I ſuſtain by the Sale of my Woods*) *I reſolve to Publiſh in the Second Edition of this Satyr, with your right Name to it, you might (conſidering your Eminent Figure) have expected I ſhou'd have repreſented my Grievance in Perſon, but truly (SIR) your haughty and Mercileſs Treatment, has given me ſuch a frightful Idea of you, that I reſolve never to ſee you more; and therefore if you repair the Dammage I ſuffered by your Griping my whole Eſtate, (as I moſt ſolemnly declare I wou'd do to you, under the like Complaint): You muſt ſend the Money to Mr.* ——, *at the Angel in* Little Britain, *and he ſhall give you a full Diſcharge in my Name of all further Demands whatſoever; or if you ſlight this Propoſal, as you know I can recover nothing by Law (tho' in the Court of Conſcience I am ſure to caſt you:) you muſt*

re-

And thus (proud Sir) I 'ope my Angry Throat
Does Fasting— your plump smiling Cheeks Promote?
Or Penitence— your Haughty Looks denote?
You Ride in State, and look as big as they,
Who have a Heart to give their Gold away: That's

remember if the World pick out the meaning of Jeffery Stiv'ns, *I am no ways accessary in the Discovery, as you might prevent it and wou'd not; neither can you complain of any hard Dealing, that I bring your Scandalous Avarice on the publick Stage, for you shew'd no manner of Pity to me, 'till you had the Mortgage of my whole Estate; but now I'm resolv'd to have some Satisfaction as well as you, and 'tis meerly for the sake of Religion (which is a great and solemn thing, tho' sadly scandaliz'd by Men of your covetous Temper and little Soul) that I conceal your Name in this first Edition of the* Pulpit-Fool, *or if the* Independents *shou'd find it out, by comparing your Life and Charity, with the Character I have given of* Jeffery Stiv'ns, *you must thank your self, for except by wincing at this Character, you discover your own Guilt, I shall for ever conceal your Name (that is, provided you Repair the Dammage you did me in the Sale of my Woods): But whatever the Issue be, 'twill be great Satisfaction to me, that I did not go out of the World without letting you know my real Thoughts of your Merciless Treatment, and how necessary 'tis you shou'd Repent of it—— For a larger account of my Grievance I refer you to the Character I give of you in* P. 5. &c. *and when you have read it, be pleas'd* (Reverend Sir) *to act as your own Reputation, and the Case requires—— 'Tis the* Pulpit-Fool *I have describ'd in it, and I wish for the future, your large* Charity *to poor Creatures, and doing that Justice I expect from you, may prove you are no such Person; but wou'd you give me your Coach and Horses (or that Noble Estate which you lately purchas'd) I shou'd think it my Duty to let you know how much [by your Griping my whole Estate] you contributed to the Misfortunes of —your very Humble, but (as the case stands at present) no ways obliged Servant,*

VANDER.

If any shou'd say this black Charge was the effect of Prejudice, for that *Jeffery Stiv'ns* is no *Pulpit-Fool*, but a Pious and Learned Divine, a most excellent Preacher, and a Person of great Charity.

To this I answer,—— It must be own'd, that *Stiv'ns* is a good Preacher, but that (as great a *Paradox* as it may seem to some) proves him the worser Man for (I do assert) if he possesses any other Vertue besides the *Art of Preaching*, 'tis a Secret to all the World but himself, for 'tis well known he's notorious for Pride, Self-Conceit, (I wish I cou'd say 'twas Learning) that his Chastity has been publickly question'd, and that 'tis the general Vogue of the Town, that he purchases much, *Is a Person of no Charity*, or if he gives an ALMS, 'tis so little and seldom, that the Charitable S—— and other Ministers have blush'd for him; I cou'd give a strange Instance upon this Head (which I had from the Reverend *D*———) but I shall conceal this in hopes he'll so far Repent of his Cruelty to me, as to repair the Dammage I here complain of.

Perhaps Stiv'ns *will say, why do you trouble me with your Grievances? Your Dammage no ways concerns me, you sold your Woods to pay but your just Debts, and I receiv'd not a Farthing more than you owed me.*

All the Reply this deserves is, Suppose I shou'd run against a parcel of Glasses, and break them all, 'tho' I neither saw 'em, or cou'd avoid 'em (*or get one Farthing by the Mischief I did*) yet common Justice and Equity oblige me to pay for the Glasses; and the Reason is greater here, for *Stiv'ns* was PLAINLY FOREWARN'D of the great Loss I shou'd have by the Sale of my Woods, and therefore as he cou'd prevent it, and did not, he is justly Chargeable with all the Dammage I suffer on that account. ——

If he shou'd say he did not seize my Estate, and therefore did not force me to sell my Woods. ——

To this I answer, there was no Forbearance (or Mercy) in all this, for nothing wou'd satisfie him but *the Mortgage of my whole Estate*, and that Mortgage forc'd me to

sell

That's you do COACH it, but forget alas,
That God himself rode meekly on an Aſs,
A Miſer's COACH is all a perfect Farce.
Ne'er keep a Coach whilſt any Man is Poor,
By *Bearman* learn to give, you'll have the more,
He Preacht for nothing—— *giving was his ſtore.* (4)
The many Hundreds which you lately lent, (5)
Was loſt, for *curſed Uſe* was your intent,
It had been ſav'd, had poor Men had your Rent:
But ſuch might beg, entreat, yea ſtarve in vain;
Tho' what you give to ſuch is real gain.
This *Paradox* is true, but yet ſo harſh,
Your Light directs not thus, you'll think me raſh,
But lend to th' Poor, and never doubt your Caſh. (6) You

ſell my Woods, for I had found him a Mercileſs Man before the Mortgage was ſign'd, and as it now lay in his Power to Seize my Eſtate, I ſaw no way to prevent it, but to ſell my Woods, and therefore the Loſs I had by the Sale, muſt be reckon'd (*If he has any Conſcience to Exerciſe, &c.*) a Debt of *Stiv'ns* to me; if he denys this, I am bound to tell him that Chancery Courts are (or ſhou'd be) kept in every Breaſt, and I'm ſure if he don't anſwer my Juſt Demand (for ten't a Favour I ask) his very CONSCIENCE will Dun for me, and common Equity do me Juſtice; or if he Seiſes theſe, he muſt expect a more thundring Sermon againſt AVARICE, which I'll Preach to his Congregation (for this is only PREACHT to himſelf) *for Loſers will have leave to ſpeak* —— In a word, were he *Arch-biſhop of Dublin* (as he is but *Jeffery Stiv'ns*) ſhould he Injure me, the firſt Moment I was out of his Power, I wou'd tell him of it; for 'tho' I can ſtoop low to a *learned, humble, charitable good Man*, yet my Neck is as ſtiff as a Stake when I meet with a *rich, proud, covetous Miſer.*

I ſhall only add that ſome of *Stiv'ns* Creatures (I mean ſuch as adore his Coach and his Great Eſtate) will think I'm very ſaucy to call their *IDOL* a great Miſer, *&c.* (*i. e. A Pulpit-Fool*) but all honeſt Diſſenters will own I have ſerv'd Religion, in daring to ſpeak the Truth; or whether they do or no, *I have diſcharg'd my Conſcience*; and I have done it in PRINT, as he's above a private Admonition. Perhaps *Jeffery Stiv'ns* will deny, or (which is much the ſame, will) give a different Turn to what I have ſaid of his Cruel Treatment, but I hope my Friends will have more Honeſty than to liſten to a FINE (that is a falſe) Harangue, becauſe ſpoke by a Miſer that *RATTLES* about in his own Coach; for this is Publiſh'd as well to *awaken his Conſcience*, as to repair the Dammage I receiv'd by the *forc'd ſale* of my Woods, and for that reaſon all (but *Stiv'ns Creatures*) muſt needs approve of this Publication; for if I don't prove every Word I have here ſaid (*either by Living Witneſſes, or the Letters that were ſent to me relating to this Affair*) *I'll own my ſelf for a Fool and Knave in the London Gazzet*, and I'm ſure, if *I* know my Heart, I'd rather die than to act *the laſt*— So that 'tis plain, his Sin of *Pride* and *Avarice*, *&c.* *has found him out*; or if he denies the Fact, *I'll* freely prove it, maugre all that *Jeffery Stiv'ns* (and all his adherents) can ſay in his Vindication.

(4) Mr. *Bearman* had not the 6th Part of *Stiv'ns* Eſtate; but having about 200 *l. per Annum* he thought it ſufficient, and wou'd take nothing for Preaching, and has bequeathed an Alms Houſe to Poor Diſſenters. (5) To a certain Throaſter in *Spittle-fields*. (6) *He that hath pity upon the Poor, lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given, will he pay him again*, Prov. 19. 47.

(7) See

You know 'twas *Bounty* bleſt Great *Annſley's* Mind,
His Alms inricht the Houſe he left behind,
And like the SUN, ſhin'd to all humane kind.
He'd ſuch a SOUL, that had he Mines in ſtore,
He'd ne'er be Rich while any Man was poor:
A Heart ſo Great, that had he had a Purſe,
'Twou'd have ſupply'd the Poor o'th' Univerſe; (7)
Had you ſuch LIGHT, you'd be a publick Nurſe.
There's twenty Parſons that have dy'd of late,
Who were admired much for this and that:
Nay were applauded for their pious Living,
But did theſe WORTHIES ever lend a Shilling?
For not a Word we hear of all their giving.
Then NOBLE ANNSLEY we will ſtill deplore,
Who gave both Money, Books, and golden Oar,
And was a very Father to the Poor.
For *Annſley's* Death, ſure Charity languiſhed,
Grew ſickly, ſtiff, and cold, — *and ſince is dead:*
For now Men dye, and we their Death deplore,
Becauſe a *Learned Man* is gone before,
But not becauſe he gave much to the Poor.
Then mind that LIGHT which will advance your Fame,
No LIGHT directs where poor Men curſe your Name;
Nor can you SHINE without a publick Purſe,
A COACH without, — *God bleſs you* — is a Curſe.
A COACH indeed does blaze abroad your Pelf,
But Coach is only Bounty to your ſelf:
I don't reflect that you do keep a Coach,
For humble Grandeur is no Man's Reproach,
Beſides your Income warrants *Coach and Six.*
But they that keep a Coach ſhou'd Feaſt the Poor;
But that's a *GRANDEUR* which you have forbore;
That *NOBLE LIGHT* did ne'er direct your Ear;
Scraping, not Noble Bounty is your Care:
At all the *Publick Stocks* that ſeek encreaſe,
Stiv'ns ſtill ventures for the *GOLDEN FLEECE*;
In Hartley's *Fund* (8) (the beſt that's now on Foot,
Stiv'ns makes one, for Lucre brought him to't,
To th' Royal Bank, where ſo much Caſh is nurs'd,
Stivens ſent *RED-NOSE*, for to act in Truſt,
And wou'd be Publick Uſ'rer if he durſt.
Whigs in Diſtreſs, or Wretches that are Poor,
Are all that he won't truſt with Golden Oar,
For here's no *USE*, and he wou'd ſtill have more.

Is

(7) See the Book entituled, *The Character of Dr.* Annſley, *by way of Eleg.* —— (8) call'd, *The Perpetual Aſſurance.*

Is this *your Conſcience, void of all Offence?*
Oh, Sir, Repent, leſt a juſt Providence
Shou'd ſtrike you dead for *Ruling* thus for Pence?
Your Thirſt of Wealth increaſes with your Store,
And to ſpend leſs, ſtill covet to have more:
You *Midas*-like, to feed your Avarice,
Starve in th' Enjoyment of a Golden Wiſh:
If there be Heav'n 'tis worthy to be ſought,
Or were there none, yet *Heav'n's a pleaſant Thought*;
But who hugs Gold, ſeeks nothing as he ought:
To ſcrape, to give, ſo honeſt Wealth is got,
But pinching to HOARD is ſtill the Miſer's Lot.
This Love of Wealth, is Madneſs, and I hate
The very Trouble of a great Eſtate:
'Tis perfect *Dirt*, cry's the vain Prodigal,
Mad till it's gone; and when he has ſpent all,
The Begger'd Fool, calls himſelf Liberal:
Now weigh 'em both, and tell me if you can,
Which of the Two ſeems the moſt Prudent Man.
I cou'd name Thouſands more, but to draw all
The Shapes o'th Half-wit Laviſh Animal,
Or of J. S. *that Pulpit-ſcraping Fool*,
Wou'd be as hard, as to name all that dye,
Each Spring and Fall, by *Lover* and *Mercury*;
Or ſay, how oft the impatient Heir, to have
Old Stiv'n's Wealth, has wiſh'd him in his Grave:
A Drudgery ſo Great, my Pen declines,
Content to ſum up all in theſe Five Lines.
Greece boaſts *Seven-Sages*, but the Story lies,
For the whole World ne'r ſaw one truly *WISE*;
All Men are *FOOLS*, and the ſole difference,
Lies in the more, or the leſs want of Senſe,
(*And* Stiven's *lies in ſcraping up the Pence*:)
Yes *Stiven's* this I'll *PREACH* till you Recant
For pray what Bliſs can unus'd Riches grant,
For much, tho' you poſſeſs, yet more you want.
To you 'tis Pains to touch your own Eſtate,
And hoarded Gold a Crime to violate:
So *Tantalus* does in deep Water ſtand,
But for his Thirſt cannot one drop command.
The Prentice after all his yearly Pains,
Filleth his *Small-mouth'd Box* with Chriſtmas gains,
Yet though he fill his Box unto the Brim,
Unleſs he break it up, what's all to him?
A Miſer's ſuch a Box, that's nothing worth,
Till Death doth break it up, then all comes forth:
Convert, Good God, or ſtrike with ſome diſeaſe,
Break up ſuch ſmall-mouth'd Boxes, Lord, as theſe.

You make your ſelf but *Jailour* of your own,
For others to enjoy when you are gone;
So was the Dragon in the Garden plac'd,
To watch the Golden-Fruit, but not to taſte:
Thus you ſolicitous with Care oppreſt,
To your *teiz'd Mind* refuſe a needful Reſt;
Still coveting, and ſcraping ſtill for more,
Your Charity is to increaſe your Store,
For midſt your Heaps—— you think that you are Poor.
Has thus *your Light directed* Fooliſh *Stev'n!*
Sell all your Land, and carry Bills to Heav'n?
In this I'm ſure— you are directed right,
For all you give to th' Poor, in Heaven's paid at ſight. (9)

My

(9) As new and ſurprizing as this Doctrine ſeems, there's plain Scripture for it, for in the New Teſtament, 'tis there ſaid, *Sell all that thou haſt, and diſtribute unto the Poor, and thou ſhalt have Treaſure in Heaven,* (i. e.) by giving largely to the Poor, you carry Bills to the other World, which are paid at ſight. *A true Believer* (ſays Dr. *Gore*) *is born both a Beggar and an Heir, he often Lives Poor, yet is always Rich, and dies Wealthy, 'tho without Lands, Money, Goods; he keepeth his Eſtate by ſending it away, and encreaſeth it by ſpending it, when others not only leſſen, but loſe theirs by ſparing and ſaving it, and he taketh his Treaſure with him to his Grave, and beyond it*—— So that the only way to tranſport our Land to Heaven (or a good Conſcience, which is far better) is *to feed the Hungry, to cloath the Naked, and to be rich in good Works, for thus we lay hold on Eternal Life* (1 Tim. 6. 18, 19) *I* know this Doctrine will ſeem a Paradox to ſuch Miſers whoſe Light (like *Stiv'ns*) *never directed them to give much, but that what we give to the Poor is paid us again in Heaven*; is not only clears by the forementioned *Text*, but by the noble Charity and Death of *Evagrius* of which take this ſhort Account, *Syneſius* (who of a Philoſopher became a Biſhop) found at *Syrene*, one *Evagrius* (a Philoſopher) who had been his old Acquaintance, and fellow Student, but obſtinate Heathen; *Syneſius* being earneſt with him to become a Chriſtian. *Evagrius* reply'd, that to him it ſeem'd but a meer Fable, *that this World ſhall have an End; that all* Men *ſhall riſe again in theſe Bodies, and their Fleſh be made Immortal, and receive the Reward of all that they have done in the Body, That he that gives to the Poor, ſhall have Treaſure in Heaven, and ſhall receive an hundred Fold from Chriſt, together with Eternal Life.* Theſe things he denied: *Syneſius* by many Arguments; aſſur'd him that all theſe things were certainly true; and at laſt the Philoſopher and his Children were baptized. A while after he comes to *Syneſius*, and brings him 300 *l.* of Gold for the Poor! (*when will* Stiv'ns *Imbark ſuch a Sum for Heaven*) and bid him take it, but give him a *Bill* under his Hand, that Chriſt ſhou'd *repay it him in another World. Syneſius* took the Money for the Poor, and gave him under his Hand ſuch a Bill as he deſir'd. Not long after, the Philoſopher being near to Death, commanded his Sons, that when they buried him, they ſhou'd put *Syneſius's Bill*, in his Hand in the Grave, which they did: The third day after, the Philoſopher ſeem'd to appear to *Syneſius* in the Night, and ſaid to him, *Come to my Sepulcher where I lie, and take thy Bill, for I have receiv'd the Debt, and am ſatisfy'd, which for thy Aſſurance I have ſubſcrib'd with my own Hand*—— The Biſhop knew not that the Bill was bury'd with him, but ſent to his Sons, who told him; and taking them and the Chief Men of the City, he went to the Grave, and found the Paper in the Hands of the Corps, thus ſubſcrib'd, *Ego*

Eva

My PULPIT, further gives you this Advice,
Give all your BOOKS, they never made you Wise,
And give 'em to such who have not *whorish* Eyes.
Now act the Steward, now disperse your Store.
And ne'er be Rich, whilst any Man is Poor: (10)
I see you shrugg——, This DOCTRINE will not serve,
You'll buy more Land, but let the Beggars starve;
Nay, which is worse—, you'll purchase Praises too,
Meer Petticoats must make a Saint of you; (11)
If so, my SERMON's done when I have said,
You have a Name to live, but you are dead. (12)
For Men who covet Earth, yet Preach up Heav'n,
Are Pulpit Fools, and those are ne'er forgiven.
The *Philadelphian* Fools, I'll next bemoan,
For *J——cobs* is such, or rather all in one
Arminian, Quaker, Muggletonian.
That Head, or Pulpit, can't be wise or sweet,
Where all corrupt and idle Whimsies meet.
Where Railing is the *Text*, and all the Sermon cant,
Where *Preacher* is a *K—*, and wou'd be thought a *Saint*,
Where all that hear, are Mad, or Ignorant.
J——cobs slights, *Learning*, does not hold it fit,
For Christians to pollute their Brains with it.
He says, 'tis vain, for Holy Men to seek
For Language of the Beast, or Heathen Greek.
Fool of vertiginous *Brains!* still running round?
That Cymbal-like from Emptiness do's sound.
If you this *Pulpit Monster* want to see,
(For Preaching Drapers are a Prodigie,)
Go to——, the Whiskers tell you that is he. (13)
Besides you'll know his Foolish Tongue by this,
It never moves, but when it speaks amiss:
Or flings some Dirt at English Litturgies.
Bishops are Limbs of Antichrist he crys,
The Service Porridge, and in MASS it lies.

So

Evagrius, &c. "*I Evagrius* the Philosopher to thee, most holy Sir, Bishop *Synesius*, "Greeting: *I* have receiv'd the Debt which in this Paper is written with thy "Hands, and *I* am satisfy'd, and have no Action against thee for the Gold which "*I* gave to thee, and by thee to Christ our God and Saviour —— They that saw the thing, admir'd and glorify'd God, that gave such wonderful Evidence of his Promises to his Servants; and saith *Leontius* this *Bill*, thus subscribed by the Philosopher, is kept at *Syrene*, most carefully in the Church to this Day, to be seen of such as desire to see it. [*Baron. Annal. ad An.* 411, &c.]

(10) As was hinted before in the Character of that truly Pious and Charitable Divine Dr. *Samuel Annesley*. (11) *D*——— his Great Admirer and Advocate is here meant. (12) *Rev.* 3. 1. (13) He is distinguish'd from all other Men, by his Remarkable Whiskers.

(14) The

So much a Hector! that he whets his Fist
Againſt the Name of Altar, and of Prieſt
His Thoughts are vaſt, and ſcorn to ſet upon
Any Whore leſs than her of *Babylon*:
No Surplice does he likes, or will he have,
They're *Rags of Rome* he thinks, and cannot ſave.
The harmeleſs Rails, which are the Churches Fence,
And keep the TABLE from Irreverence,
He thunders at, as if he wou'd allow,
No RAILING, but what from himſelf did flow;
Whoe'er hears J——*cobs* Preaching, muſt allow
God's Houſe was ne'er more *Den of Thieves than now*;
He'd pray in Verſe, wiſe Times no doubt they be,
When HOPKINS juſtles out the Liturgy,
Pſalms which if *David* from his ſeat of Bliſs
Doth hear; he little thinks they're meant for his;
He whines, now whiſpers ſtreight, and next does roar,
Now draws his long Words, and now leaps them o'er;
Such *various Voices*, I admir'd, and ſaid,
Sure all the Congregation in him Pray'd,
He's a meer *Pulpit-Fool*, the dulleſt he,
That ever came to Doctrines Twenty Three,
In ev'ry Sentence, how he draws his Hum,
He Dreams awake, his Sermon's Opium!
All *Argus* Body, he'd have Preach'd aſleep,
His Bread and Fame he does by Whiskers ſeek;
But yet ſometimes he melts the Womens Eyes,
They ſob aloud, (*then Father* J——*cob cryes*)
Whene'er he eats, ſo long a Grace is ſaid,
That a good Chriſtian when he goes to bed,
Wou'd be contented with a ſhorter Prayer;
So dull and tedious all his Graces are;
Thus he is Fool, in Pulpit, Houſe and Shop,
So mean a Fool, he ſcarce deſerves our Mock,
But yet I'll leave him, for a greater Block.

For *Em*——— comes next, that bold *Socinian*,
That wou'd *Un-God* (that's make Chriſt very Man)
Blaſphemous Fool, where does your Pulpit ſtand?
Stand---- no, 'tis burnt with your Socinian Notes,
And you'd burn too, if good-men had their Votes;
You fix Salvation to *Socinian Ears*
But dare you Trifle where a GOD appears?
The *Hypoſtatick Union* is a Theam
So clear from Scripture, and ſo far from Dream,
That Angels admir't, and LOOK into't ag'n, (14)

(14) 1 *Pet.* 1. 2.

Whose Merits Save? Pray tell us *Irish* Priest,
If there be found no Deity in Christ?
But he's God-man, and *Pulpit-Fool thou lyst.*
Wit like Teirce Claret, which begins to pall,
Neglected lies, and of no use at all;
Yet in the full Perfection of Decay,
Turns *Vinegar*, and comes again in Play;
This Simile shall stand in *Em*——'s Defence,
For he's a Fool that now and then writes Sense;
Thy Notions *Em*—— are Heterodox and Forreign,
But he mistakes who says thy Brains are barren,
Here dull conceits like Vermin breed in Carri'n;
For thou hast Brains, such as they are indeed;
On what else shou'd thy WORM of Fancy feed;
Yet in a Philbert I have often known,
Maggots survive, and all the Kernel gone,
Thus thou art turn'd a Pulpit-Fool and Drone;
Thy Stile's the same whatever be thy Theam,
As some Digestions turn all Meats to Flegm;
As skilful Divers to the bottom fall,
Sooner then those that cannot swim at all;
So in this way of writing without thinking,
Thou hast a strange Alacrity in sinking,
Thus *Em*—— is made a Pulpit-Fool by winking;
Thou writ'st below ev'n thy own natural Parts,
And with acquired dullness, and new Arts,
Of Nonsense blindest poor *Socinian* Hearts;
Thy stumbling Founder'd Jade doth trot as high,
As any other *Pegasus* can fly,
But all thy Wit is a *Socinian* lie;
So the dull Eel moves nimbler in the mud;
Than all the swift-fin'd Racers of the Flood;
But HERETICK Repent, for Lawyer,
Socinian Sermons wou'd ev'n GOD inter,
They prove thee a Blaspheming Pulpiteer;
Thou sett'st thy Name to what thy self doest write,
Did ever LIBEL yet so sharply bite?

If I shou'd view Dissenting Pulpits o'er,
I next shou'd come where Men don't Preach but Roar,
There's *Muggleton* i'th' Pulpit us'd to Teach,
He was a Prophet, and was sent to Preach,
But he (at best) was a Blasphemous Wretch.
NAILOUR was such another foaming Tool,
And had his Tongue boar'd for a *Lying Fool*;
This zealous COBLER picks his Leather Ears,
And in the TUB (his Pulpit) he declares;
" No Priest, no Doctrine can Religious be,
" That smells of either University;

So

So IGNORANCE the Mother of each doubt,
Leads Nonsense in, and turns true Learning out;
While he TRANSLATES, and Edifies the Soul,
His Brother MUG—does the whole World controul,
He *Peter* scorns, himself will be a ROCK,
And sets Mens Heads upon a newer Block;
He with INSPIRED FURY does declare,
There's no Salvation unto those whose Hair,
Transcend their Teeth in Longitude, his Shears,
Have eaz'd the Locks that did Besiege his Ears;
THESE in their Preachments, tell us "Such as we
" (Beloved) suffer for our Purity,
" Because that we assert that we are Christ
" We fall by th' Ear with Prophane Pillories; (15)
" 'Tis for our good, who ope' our Ears to take,
" The Pious Whispers which the Nails do make:
Such FOOLS as these hold forth just what they list,
Their TEXTS and DOCTRINES both like Sep'ratists,
Run from each other, and their USES, loath
Their Company; 'cause holier then both;
These having nam'd a TEXT, like Cowards they,
Straight from the unarm'd Words on't run away,
And thus excuse it, that it is a Breach,
Of Christian freedom to be tied to Preach
Upon one Place; they make their Doctrines run,
From *Genesis* to th' *Revelation*;
And handle all alike; a wild Goose Chace,
They run through Chapters a Curranto pace.
They straight divide a Text in Parts, but then,
They do not bring them to be Friends again;
But fall to flat *Adultery* with the Sense,
Begetting spurious Broods of Uses thence;
That such unnatural Children thence do spring
They dare make head against *the Text, their King*,
If these wa'nt FOOLS, there ne'er was such a thing;
The last *Dissenter* that expects his Doom,
Is *Father Peters* (that bold Son of *Rome*);
He's a Dissenter, and perhaps the *Highest*, (16)
For he Dissented from the Church of Christ;
He calls indeed his Church INFALLIBLE,
But his Church rose, from Devil, *Rome*, and Hell,
And what that Church is, *he that knows can tell*;
No longer then, the World shall be misled,
By him that's falsly call'd th' *unerring Head*;
His Tripple Crown I scornfully will Spurn,
And his proud Seat, to heaps of Rubbish turn;

(15) Muggleton *and* Nailor *were both set in the Pillory, for Preaching and Writing Blasphemy.* (16) *They are* Bishop Burnet's *Words, in his Speech in the House of Lords, upon the Bill against Occasional Conformity*; I know no High-Church, but the Church of *Rome*, &c.

Fright

Fright all his Vassals into Dens and Caves,
Then smoak to Death the Sacrilegious Slaves;
For Popish Fathers, are but Pulpit-Knaves:
The swarming Herds of Crafty Priests and Monks,
The Female Orders of Religious Punks;
Pope, Jesuit, (that bloody-minded Man)
Franciscan, Carmelite, Dominican,
Do all Dissent from the right Christian:
Such Pulpit-Fools, I'll ever more disturb,
SENSE shall their Doctrines, *Force* their Malice curb;
Nor will I here desist, all holy Cheats,
Of all Religions shall partake my Threats;
Whether with Scarlet Gowns they show their Pride,
Or under Cloaks, their Knavery they hide;
RELIGION's safe, with PRIEST-CRAFT is the War
All Friends to Priest-Craft, Foes of Mankind are;
Their Impious Fanes, and Altars I'll o'erthrow,
And the whole FARCE of their feign'd Saintship show,
Their pious Tricks disclose, their murd'ring Zeal,
And all their sinful Mysteries reveal;
'Tis *PETERS*, here is that Dissenting Tool,
That I shall prove this *Bloody Pulpit-Fool:*
He drove on *Jehu-like*, for he'd convert
All Hereticks, or Burn 'em for his sport;
He preach'd (or OLDHAM lyes, who *Jesuits* fought)
If you'd be *Papist* be not so for nought,
But be in Catholick depths of Treason taught,
In Orthodox and solid poisoning read,
Or i'th' profounder Art of Stabbing Bred;
Each sniv'ling Heroe, Seas of Blood can spill,
When Wrongs provoke, and Honour bids him kill;
Give me your through-pac'd Rogue, who scorns to be
Prompted by poor Revenge, or Injury,
But does it, of true Inbred Cruelty;
Then you're true Papists, then you're fit to be,
Disciples of great *Loyola* and me,
Worthy to undertake, worthy a Plot,
That Stabs, then fit to Scourge a *Huguenot:*
Too sparing was the Time, too mild the Day,
When the great *Mary* bore the *English* Sway;
Unqueen-like Pity marr'd her Royal Pow'r,
Nor was her Purple dy'd enough in Gore;
Four or five hundred, such like petty Sum,
Might fall perhaps a Sacrifice to *Rome*;
Scarce worth the naming, had I had the Pow'r,
Or been thought fit t' have been her Councellor,
She shou'd have rais'd it to a nobler Score:

Big Bonefires shou'd have blaz'd and shone each Day,
To tell our Triumphs, and make bright our way;
And when 'twas dark, in ev'ry Lane and Street,
Thick flaming *Heretick*s, shou'd serve to Light
And save the needless Charge of Links by Night;
Smithfield shou'd still have kept a constant Fire,
Which never shou'd be quenched, never expire;
But with the Lives of all the Miscreant Rout,
'Till the last gasping Breath had blown it out.
I scorn Dull Reason and Pedantick Rules,
To conquer and reduce the harden'd Fools;
Racks, Gibbets, Halters, are my Arguments,
For these will stubborn *Heretick*s convince;
Let these the hansels of your Vengance be,
But stop not here, nor flag in Cruelty;
Kill like a Plague, or Inquisition; spare
No Age, degree, and Whore with all the Fair:
Spare not young Infants smiling at the Breast,
Who from relenting Fools their Mercy wrest,
Rip teeming Wombs, tear out the hated Brood
From thence and drown 'em in their Mothers Blood,
Nor let gray Hoary Hair Protection give,
To Age just crawling on the Verge of Life,
Snatch from its leaning Hands the weak support,
And with it knock't into the Grave with sport;
Brain the poor Cripple with his Crutch, then cry
You've kindly rid him of his Misery,
Dare something worthy *Newgate* and the *Tower*,
If you'll be canoniz'd and Heav'n insure;
Dull Primitive Fools of Old, who wou'd be good,
Who wou'd by Vertue reach the blest abode:
Far other are the ways found out of late.
Which Mortals to that happy place Translate.
Rebellion, Treason, Murder, Massacre,
The Chief Imgredients now of Saint-ship are,
And *Tybourn* only stocks the Calendar.
By why do I with idle Talk delay
Your Hands, and while they shou'd be acting, stay.
May that vile wretch, if any here there be,
That meanly shrinks from brave Iniquity;
If any here feel Pity or remorse,
May he feel all I've bid you act, and worse;
Ne'er boggle Lads, for you may quickly buy
Patents for cutting Throats, and Perjury:
A Tax is in the Leathery-Office laid,
On *Panders* Bauds, and Whores that ply the Trade,
A Rape is dear, but Whoredom's very cheap,
You may a Strumpet by a License keep;

For *venial Trifles*, leſs and ſlighter Faults,
They ne'er deſerve the Trouble of your Thoughts:
Ten *Ave-Maries* mumbled to the Croſs,
Clear ſcores of twice, ten thouſand ſuch as thoſe;
Some are at ſound of Chriſten'd-bell forgiven,
And ſome by Squirt of Holy Water driven:
Others by Anthems play'd, are charm'd away,
As Men cure Bites of the Tarantula.
'Tis this that does the aſtoniſht Rout amuſe,
And Reverence to *Shaven Crown* infuſe:
To ſee a ſilly ſinful mortal wight,
His Maker make, create the Infinite.
None boggles at the Impoſſibility;
Alas, 'tis wondrous heavenly Myſtery!
Theſe are the witty *Oldham*'s Holy Rules,
Which *Peter's* preacht in all the Popiſh Schools,
INFALLIBLE!—— No he's both Knave and Fool.
He is (for Satyr dares the Truth declare)
Cut-throat, and all that Ruffians dare to ſwear.
He lives by Treaſon, and will have a fall,
For Popiſh *Pulpit Fools* are worſt of all.
Not ev'n *Dangerfield* cou'd form a Plot,
More nicely ſpun, more exquiſitely wrought.
It was his furious, Jehu-Tacking wit,
Did *James* and all his *Jeſuit Train* defeat.
He fear'd no Colours, yet to Idols bow'd,
Prevaricating with his King and God:
A *Proteus*, ever acting in diſguiſe,
A finiſh'd Plotter, intricately-wiſe:
A ſecond Machiavel, who ſoar'd above
The little Tyes of Gratitude and Love:
His hardned Conſcience never felt remorſe,
For Lying, Whoring, or for what is worſe.
Poiſon and Dagger are his chief delight,
Promiſcuouſly oppoſing Wrong and Right.
Whate'er he does is always in Extreams,
Sometimes *the Whig*, ſometimes *the Tory*, damns,
And thinks to enter Heav'n by Pulpit-ſhams,
He is a fierce, intriguing Popiſh Fool,
Opiniatively Wiſe, yet pertly Dull,
And when at MASS he is a Pulpit Fool.
A Preaching-States-Man, talkative and loud,
Hot without Courage, without Merit proud,
A Leader fit for the Unthinking Croud.
For one may ſay without being call'd an Atheiſt,
There are fine *Rogues* amongſt the *French* and *Papiſts*,
That cry, *Enjoy the Creature*—— ; to expreſs
Plain Whoring, Gluttony, and Drunkenneſs:

Our

Our fleshly failing is stil'd FORNICATION,
But Popish Saints call't *Gospel Propagation*,
As Godfry's *Murther was thought Reformation.*
Tho' *Zeal* stand Centry at the Gate of Sin,
Yet all that have the *Word* pass freely in;
Silent and in the Dark, for fear of Spies,
These March, and take Damnation by Surprize.
Popish Dissenters are not very Nice,
For thus did PETERS Preach to make us WISE;
By which the *Pulpit Fool* lost both his Eyes.

I cou'd proceed to other *Pulpit Fools*
Amongst *Dissenters* that observe no Rules.
Cou'd prove a Canting Factious Multitude
Once mov'd, like Hornets eagerly Intrude
On all Professions, and run forward still,
Like Swine, steer'd only by their headstrong Will.

Thus Fools of ev'ry *Pulpit* seldom sever,
They are a meer Hodg-podg shook together:
And all these SIMPLES make one Mithridate,
To be a Poyson both to Church and State.
New Lords create new Laws, one brings a Branch
From Amsterdam, *some to* New England *lanch*,
To Scotland, Rome, Judea, Turky *some*,
Some to Geneva, *back again they come*:
Fraught with *Religions New*, of each a Feather,
All in a *Chaos* bundled up together.
Which makes our Church all Parti-colour'd show,
Like Joseph's *Coat*, *or* Æsop's *theevish Crow*.

But of all *Pulpiteers* I've named yet,
None look so like a FOOL, as *N*——*t*,
His very Phiz, has put me in a sweat.
This *Second Part o'th' Pulpit Fool began*,
With a bold *Sermon* to that Puritan.
Who grip'd my All—, his Light directed this,
For Misers LIGHT shines where the Bags increase.
If I might PREACH one Sermon more in Town,
(For some Men PREACH that ne'r were worth a Gown.)
That *Pulpit Fool* shou'd next give me his Ear,
That's still AFFECTED in his Words and Air,
'Tis N——t *that is intended here.*
Sir, 'tis not your *Affected way* does move,
But as the Sermon is, the Hearer's prove:
Neglect in Pulpit no, beseeming Grace
Ascend with Modesty *the Sacred Place*;

And by your *Venerable* carriage ſhow,
That you the Reverence of your Function know.
Theſe preaching Rules will make you grave and neat;
But that you may be *FAM'D* and more compleat,
Mind *Talbot*, *Lucas*, and a Hundred more,
Who preach like Angels, and like them adore.
Read *Blackhall*, *South*, *Dawes*, *Tillotſon* and *Scot*,
Whoſe matchleſs Sermons ne'er will be forgot.
Hear Learned——*Sharp*, *Trelawney*, *Hall*, *and Bennet*,
Compton, *Evans*, *Fowler*, *Moor and Kennet*,
Wake, *Hough*, *Lloyd*, *Williams*, *Hooper*, *Cumberland*,
Sprat, *Bevridge*, *Humphreyes*, *Walſh*, and pious *Brand*,
Bull, *Nevil*, *Murray*, *Nicholſon* and *James*;
Dell, *Moncreiſe*, *Abercromby*, *Hashard*, *Rheame*,
Harris, *Savage*, *Ball*, and pious *Hayley*,
Gaſtrell, *Whincop*, *Smithies*, *Dodwell*, *Bayly*,
Stubs, *Willis*, *Freeman*, *Atterbury*, *Finch*,
Pead, *Burgeſs*, *Sawyer*, *Biſſet*. *Milner*, *Winch*,
Knaggs, *Fleetwood*, *Rochford*, *Edwards*, *Manningham*,
Young, *Nichols*, *Bently*, *Marſhal*, Dr. *Lamb*,
Shute, *Meggot*, *Ellis*, *Coſtun*, pious *Fell*,
Mackenſie, *Bedle*, *Wyat*, *Cole* and *Snell*,
Foy, *Clogher*, *Pooly*, *Francis*, Dr. *Stearn*,
Row, *Fiſher*, *Jones*, *Weld*, *Phraſer*, aged *Mearn*,
With *Marſh*, *King*, *Sinclare*; *Smith*, and Poliſh'd *Fearn*.

Hear pious *Stretton*, *Lukin*, Mr. *Wiſe*,
Bragg, *Dixon*, *Gilpin*, *Chandler*, humble *Price*,
Flemming, *Nisbet*, *Bellamy* and *Powell*,
Goodwin, *Blackmore*, *Doolittle*, *and Howell*,
Hubbald, *Gordon*, *Stot*, *Barret*, learned *Boyſe*,
Weeks, *Gilſon*, *Shewel*, *Benſon*, Mr. *Royce*,
Buſh, *Reynholds*, *Godolphin*, and *Whitaker*,
Dike, *Thompſon*, *Hannot*, *Wilkinſon*, and *Burr*,
Willard, *Huſſey*, *Noble*, *Seaton*, *Gledhil*,
Ridgley, *Andland*, *Caſtares*, and pious *Hill*,
Sprint, *Catcot*, *Moody*, *Marria*, *Ramſey*, *Grew*,
Wells, *Sheppard*, *Barnard*, *Weaver*, Mr. *Drew*,
Guiſe, *Douglaſs*, *Barton*, *Cunningham*, and *Earle*,
Cotton, *Pope*, *Maye*, *Sylveſter*, and *Hearle*,
With *Wilcox*.. *Sendall*, *Collins*, *Oakes* and *Searle*,
To theſe add *Baldwin*, *Petto*, *Veal* and *Tongue*
Mather, *Trail*, *Waters*, *Bates*, and *Robbinſon*,
Whoſe Fame's as Univerſal as the Sun.
The NAMES of other Levites I cou'd give,
Who PREACH on Earth, but do in Heav'n live;
Who (like theſe I have nam'd) ſo well are wrought,
They ſcarce do Err in Looks, in Word, or Thought.

N——

N—— theſe are Preachers, *Pious, Learned, Mild,*
Free from all Tricking and affected Stile;
Then Copy from theſe, you ne'er can Preach amiſs,
Their *Life and Doctrine* is the ROAD to Bliſs.
But I'll conclude (my Sermon gives you Pain)
Then Practice this, and I'll ne'er PREACH again.

Now Pulpit Fools—— repent and learn of theſe,
How you ſhou'd *Preach*, and how your Credit raiſe,
'Tis not by RAILING, but by preaching Peace.
All we yet know o'th' bleſſed Saints above,
Is that they Sing, and live in Peace and Love.
Here pious Souls of all Religions came,
Their Worſhip various, but their God the ſame.
Here DOOLITTLE with COMBER, Friendly twines.
Here *Scot* does fly, to clasp the pious *Vines.*
Here MEAD, and PATRICK, in Embraces meet,
And ALSOP, joins in Praiſe with STILLINGFLEET.
HORNECK, and ANNESLEY, and Millions more,
Alike are Happy, and alike adore.
All, All is Peace, all prejudice forgot;
From ſev'ral Stations, at one Mark they ſhot
The juſt reach Heav'n, although by different Ways:
God is their SUN, and they his ſpreading RAYES
Tho' at the Circle, ſome are oppoſite,
They meet and center in Eternal Light.
Then *Pulpit-Fools*, your cauſeleſs Feuds remove;
Wou'd you below, be bleſt like them above?
Preach Peace like them, and learn from them to love.
If PEACE be Heav'n to ev'ry Saint that dies,
No Pulpit Quarrel can be counted Wiſe. (17)
There's *L*——*y*, *B*——*h*—— and *D*——*ton* who ſcolds,
Are all three Railers,—— *That's Three Pulpit Fools.* (18) *S*——*l*

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(17) See this confirm'd in that excellent Sermon (to repeat the Character given of it by the Houſe of Commons) preach'd before the Queen and the two *Houſes of Parliament, Decem.* 31, 1706. by the Right Reverend Father in God *Gilbert* Lord Biſhop of *Sarum*, where are theſe words; "Peace is a Word of an agreeable ſound, it ſtrikes and has Charms "in it. God forbid that any who carry the Name of a Chriſtian, ſhou'd reſolve a- "gainſt Terms of Peace, [and then, adds this truly *Pious and Learned Prelate*] *It would ill become a Miniſter of the Prince of Peace, to ſound the Trumpet of War.*——— (18) A Friend of Mr. *Philip Henry's* (as the Learned Author of his Life tells us, p. 179) writing to him not long before he dy'd, deſir'd his Thoughts concerning the Differences among the *London Diſſenters?* To which he return'd this Anſwer: *I can ſay little concerning our Diviſions; which when ſome Mens Judgments and Tempers are heal'd, will be alſo healed: But when will that be? They that have moſt holineſs are moſt peaceable, and have moſt Comfort.*——— This excellent Remark of the pious *Henry* gave Riſe to the Line above;

S——l—— B——t J——ne and staring *H——ks*,
Do act the Fool in all their Railing Tricks;
They Rail i'th Pulpit, Preſs, and ev'ry where,
They'd Rail in Heav'n, were but Diſſenters there;
Railing is all their ZEAL, their Death-bed Theam,
And might they live, they'd bite the Whigs again,
Their Sermons, Spight and Prayers do always mix;
Their Dying Words are, —— *Whigs are Schſmaticks*:
All Pulpit-Fools are Enemies to Love,
If e'er they think, 'tis how to Feud and Prove.
Then if you'd drop the Fool, and wiſely Preach,
Practice that Doctrine which you Weekly teach;
And let your MOTIVES ſtill be Love and Peace;
Sermons convert not the Ideal Fool,
The Parſon's Practice is the People's Rule;
But above all, don't ſordid Avarice Love,
Your Work is Heav'n, and you muſt live above;
If (as in *Stiv'n*) vile Avarice controuls,
(Old Nick may take us) you'll not mind our Souls;
His Flock think him DIVINE—poor blinded Elves
But they muſt cramb his Cup-board and his Shelves
Or Souls might ſtarve, and Kids baptize themſelves.
He'd ne'er more Cant, or ſhew the Whites of Eyes,
But for Reward—— *His God is Avarice*:
Then let no *Pulpit-Fool* deceive you more,
Or if you hear him, ſee that he reſtore
The many thouſands he has wrong'd the Poor:
For he is Fool and Theiſe without Reprieve (19)
That hides in Baggs what he is bound to give,
Stiv'ns ne'er thought ſo, for his Cheſts are full,
Such Light directs him to the *Stygian* Pool,
And brands him for a Scraping Pulpit-Fool;
But for thoſe Pulpiteers that are Reform'd,
(May they encreaſe, for Heav'n muſt be ſtorm'd:)
If I might here preſume to give advice,
To ſuch whoſe Office 'tis to make us WISE,
Let not the Pulpit, SATYRS e'er infeſt,
For fear Damnation ſhou'd attend the Jeſt,
Shun *Rhetorick*, which Improvement does bereave,
And does our MIND but juſt diverted leave;
Preaching thus, does indeed the World content,
But ne'er Reform'd, or made one Penitent.

'Tis

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above; for if the Miniſters of the Goſpel (who are call'd *the Ambaſſadours of Peace*, *Iſaiah* 33. 7.) will Rail in the Pulpit (and thereby loſe the Comfort they might expect from a *Peaceable Temper*) are not *Pulpit-Fools*, there never was (or will be) ſuch a thing in the World.

(19) That he is *FOOL* is evident from this Text; *And I will ſay to my Soul, Soul thou haſt much Goods laid up for many Years, take thine Eaſe, eat, drink and be merry.* But God

'Tis Preaching-where the alarmed Soul betakes
Its ſelf to a New Life, old Sins forſakes,
For he no Sermon, who no Convert makes,
Speak from the Heart, and then the Heart you'll touch.
Don't ſay too little, nor yet over-much,
Ne'er cloy or ſtarve, the Preaching Art is ſuch;
Laſh ev'ry Sinner, 'till his Conſcience hears,
Words pleaſe the great ones beſt, the People Tears,
To pleaſe by turns, their different Palates ſeek,
Cry at *John Showers*——and at St. *Laurence* ſpeak;
Manage your Voices, Tone, and Latitude,
That without Pain you may be underſtood,
This ſhunning Slowneſs, Gallops on Poſt-haſte,
The other Jade's in fear to march too faſt;
One I can't follow, nor for t'other ſtay,
And neither pleaſing me I go my way,
Too faſt their Sermons, or too Lagging go,
When they by Heart ſay what by halves they know;
Valour was never judged by a Noiſe,
Nor Eloquence beholden to a Voice;
In vain to kindle Fires the Preacher tries,
Which want of Zeal to his own Breaſt denies;
And 'tho' he ſtrives with Warmth drawn up by Art,
Seems Ice to me, and cannot warm my Heart.

God ſaid unto him, *thou Fool, this night thy Soul ſhall be required of thee; then whoſe ſhall thoſe things be which thou haſt provided*, Luke 12. 19.——— And as he that provides only for his own Body, is a Fool (and if a Clergy-man, a Pulpit Fool) ſo he is alſo a THIEF, the Expreſſion ſounds harſh, but 'tis clearly prov'd by the Learned *Tyndall* in theſe Words: *It is plain Theft for a Man to have Riches lying by him, and not to ſhew Mercy to the Poor or Needy, to Succour or Aſſiſt his Neighbour in his Neceſſity; God (continues this Author) hath given one Man Riches to help another in his Need; (and he adds) If thy Neighbour Want, and thou help him not, being able, thou neglecteſt thy Duty towards him, and art a THIEFT before God.* [See *Tyndall's* Works *P.* 77.] Thus Reader have I fairly prov'd ev'ry Miſer is both [*Fool* and *Theif*] or if any Man yet doubt it, let him read Dr. *Sherlock's Practical Chriſtian*, who expreſly ſays (in *P.* 40 of that Book) 'That want of Charity is no other than downright Robbery, for the Poor Man's Lively-hood 'is the Rich Man's ſuperfluity, and that is the Poor Man's due; it being as equal Juſtice 'for the Rich to relieve the Poor, as 'tis for the Poor not to Steal from the Rich. 'Thus far Dr. *Sherlock* and Dr. *Mayer*, (which brings it down to my own Caſe) tells us 'That Rich-Man is a Thiefe who takes Advantage of a Poor Man's Neceſſity, through 'which he is conſtrained to ſell *Lands* or Goods, not having to the Worth of them; 'but this *Law* (or the Equity thereof) is little regarded now a-days, no not amongſt——'ſuch as take themſelves to be God's People; every Man, almoſt every where (like '*Jeffary Stiv'ns*) being only for himſelf: We all Pray *forgive us our Treſpaſſes, as we (forgive others their Treſpaſſes againſt us*, but the Mercy practis'd by moſt Uſurers is to) 'hurry Men into a Priſon, which is Robbing the Debtor under a Form of *Law*, and in 'ſome Caſes is little better than half Starving him —— See Dr. *Mayer's* Engliſh Ca-'techiſm explain'd, *P.* 346.

To regular Motions let your Hands be brought,
To shew your meaning, and express your Thought;
You'd swear that into sinful Souls our Priest,
(I need not tell you POMPHRET is i'th' List,)
Wou'd beat Repentance in with's doubled Fist;
Work on, work on, good Zeal, but still I say,
LAW forbids threshing thus o'th' Sabbath-Day;
O'th' Sabbath-day, who can that day declare?
For POMPHRET lives as if all Sundays were;
This SAINT's whole Life is but a Preaching Text,
And that a Pulpit where he Speaketh next;
The Place may change, but 'tis a Pulpit still,
His Practice does Preach, or all he says is ill;
This Preachers Wise, ne'er was a *Pulpit-Fool*,
He GIVES (21) he Speaks, and ev'n Thinks by Rule
And all his Preaching is to save the Soul:
Mind, that ye Pulpit-Fools, and learn your Art,
For there is many an honest Christian Heart
Which may be touch'd, if the Preacher does his Part,
Thus Pious Men, who to the Pulpit rise,
Honour the Gown, and make their Hearers VVISE,
But Pulpit-Fools do Preach and varnish Lyes:

But MUSE proceed, nor dwell on Fools too long,
That wou'd disgrace thy Satyrizing Song.
Remember Princes shine not on their Thrones,
Unless supported by *Apollo's* Sons;
KING *Lewis* had the Muse of fam'd *Boileau*,
Our Royal *William* had his *Congreve* too;
Our very Clergy did but dully shine,
'Till witty *Tutchin* di'l their Sense refine (22)
'Tis Poets make the Clergy-men DIVINE;
Then leaving *Pulpit-Fools* to rail and hiss,
MUSE farther name the Preachers that are VVISE;
That Fools that Rail, may gaze and learn from these,
To Preach on Sunday, live on Common Days.
'Tis true, great *Talbot*, *Showers* and the rest,
(I nam'd before) are all a noble Test, (Jest.
How Priests shou'd talk, that wou'd not Preach in
But MUSE be just, and now Impartial prove,
To all the rest that at the Altar serve,
From the *Chief Priest*, down to the meanest Dove.

(20) Mr. *Pomphret* is a Man of a most free and Noble Charity.
(21) In his Poem entitul'd, *The Tribe of Levy*.

There

There are five hundred others (free from Stain)
That do adorn the Temple with their Name,
(For Pulpit-Fools are few to Men of Fame)
But leaſt my MUSE with ſoaring high ſhou'd faint,
What *Vander* cannot, now let *Kneller* Paint;
Haſte then, and ſpread abroad thy Canvas Sheets,
Wide as the full-blown Sails that wing our Fleets.

Firſt Draw the PRIMATE—— he's that pious Ruſe,
That Prieſts ſhou'd mind, that wou'd not play the Fool,
Paint *Teniſon*—— (No Sir) it is in vain!
His Merit baulks the Muſes humble Aim,
She's yet unfledg'd for the bright Tracts of Fame;
A ſhining Hoſt of Vertues round him wait,
And vindicate his Name from Time, and Fate,
No Church was e'er in Danger, where ſuch Biſhops ſate.
Great —— yet not Vain; 'tho' Juſt, he's not ſevere,
At once he wins with Love, and wounds with Fear;
His Eyes diffuſe a venerable Grace,
And Charity itſelf ſits in his Face,
He Prays himſelf to Soul, to curb the Senſe,
And makes (almoſt) a Sin of ABSTINENCE,
All Pulpit-Fools might learn true Wiſdom hence.
Learning and Piety the PATRIARCH lead,
And Moderation Crowns his aged Head;
Aweful as Shade, yet like a Comet bright,
Where e'er he goes, he ſheds a ſtream of Light,
The Pulpit-Fools run trembling from his ſight;
His Looks and Preaching all in Conqueſt lies,
You cannot hear him, but we find you WISE;
His aſpect ſhines with Temper and with Love,
His Mind's as active, as yon Fires above;
His Aims are Pious, as his Poſt is high,
'Twas Vertue alone that gave him Dignity,
Born with auſpicious Stars, and happy Fate,
But more in Merit, than in Fortune great;
He's an Arch-biſhop in the wiſeſt Senſe,
For Uſe, not Grandeur, he the SEE maintains;
A Father in God—— As GOD does bleſs
His Toils and Province with ſuch great ſucceſs,
There's not one *Pulpit-Fool* in all his Dioceſs;
Euſebia ſmiles beneath his gentle Hand,
That waves with ſuch Succeſs the *Sacred Wand*;
His tender Care his Rev'rend Children ſhares,
As he the juſt return,—— their Praiſe and Prayers;
Swift may the Guardian ſpeed the Courſe he bends,
And drop his MANTLE as he late aſcends.

Having done the *PRIMATE* Juſtice, 'tis my place
To do thoſe Right, that Copy from his *GRACE*.
Then Painter, place *SARUM* in the ſecond Seat,
In Wiſdom, Alms, and Moderation great,
And all things elſe that make a *SAINT* compleat;
In this great Man does Sparkle ev'ry Grace,
Angel in Tongue, and *Venus* in his Face;
He Honours Lawn-Sleeves, and makes the Mitre blaze.
A Thouſand *Cherubs* round his Pulpit Play,
And *Seraphs* ſpread their Garments in his Way,
All Heav'n Inſpires, when he does Preach or Pray.
I'th' Pulpit you ſee his Soul in Raptures paſs,
Clear as the Lilly in the Chryſtal Glaſs,
And Heav'n gives all this ſaint *Seraphick* Grace.
Each Atome of his Body is ſo true,
In ev'ry part it has the Stamp Divine,
The *Greek* that ſtrove to make a Venus ſo high,
As might the Works of Nature's ſelf out-vie.
From all the rareſt Patterns which he knew;
The beſt Perfections, which they had he drew,
But after all, it prov'd ſo ill, he Swore
He'd never ſtrive to perfect nature more.
Had he view'd *Sarum* with impartial Eye,
He'd look no further for Divinity,
Or any Grace, that charms the Soul or Eye,
St. *Paul's* Hearers, late a liſtning Throng, (23)
Confeſs'd the *Pious Beauties* of his Tongue:
Such Charmes are in his Pulpit-Oratory,
Does he REJOYCE—— Heav'ns in that Extacy,
His Preaching much, but more his Practice wrought,
A living Sermon of the Truths he taught,
Burnet's unblemiſh'd Life, divinely pure,
In his own Heav'nly Innocence ſecure,
The Teeth of Time, the blaſts of Envy ſhall endure:
Serene, as are the Brighter Heav'ns!— his Mind
O'erflows with Bounty, and is unconfin'd:
'Tis only *Pulpit Fools* that have his Frown,
He owns no High Church, but the Church of Rome. (24)
He loves Religion, but he hates Extreams,
All Perſecution and *occaſional* Dreams.
His Life's an equal Thread correctly ſpun,
Secure his Intereſt, when his Days are done.

(23) *Viz.* That *Royal and Noble Auditory* that heard him Preach the Thanksgiving Sermon, for that Glorious Victory obtain'd at *Ramellies* by the Duke of *Marlborough*. (24) See Biſhop *Burnet's* Speech to the Houſe of Lords, concerning *Occaſional Conformity*.

WISE—

WISE — as the best, will the learn'd *Stanhope* seem,
But in St. Lawrence *Pulpit, Picture him*:
For Painter, 'tis there you'll find the *Seraphim*,
Devotion is the Empress in his Breast,
Learning and *Zeal*, below divide the Rest,
He loaths the Fools that dare to Preach in Jest.
His Temper is Harmonious as the Spheres,
Copious his WIT, yet sparkling as the Stars.
Athens and *Rome*, when learning flourish'd most,
Cou'd never such a *Famous Preacher* boast;
Whose matchless Beauties in the *English* Tongue,
Does ev'n Rival the Fam'd Tillotson.
Judgment does some to Reputation raise,
And for *Invention* others wear the *Bays*:
Stanhope has both, with such a Talent still,
As shews not only force of Wit, but Skill.
In smoak, and Flame involv'd, Fleets cou'd not fight
With so much Force, and Fire, as he does write.
So Faultless are his *WORKS*, 'tis hard to know,
If he does more to Art, or Nature owe.
Read where you will, he's Musick all along,
And his Sense easie, as his Thought is strong.
Some striving to be clear, fall flat and low,
And when they think to mount, *Obscure*, they grow:
He is not darker for his lofty Flight,
Nor does his *Easiness* depress his Height;
But still perspicuous, wheresoe're he fly,
And like the *SUN*, is brightest when he's high.
Nature does smile beneath his charming Power,
His lucky Hand makes ev'ry thing a Flower.
So every shrub to *Jessamin* improves,
And barren Trees, to goodly Myrtle Groves:
Some from a *Sprig* he carelessly had thrown,
Have furnish'd a whole Garden of their own.
Some by a spark that from his Chariot came,
Take Fire and Blaze, and raise a Deathless Name.
Others a luckless Imitation try;
And whilst they soar, and whilst they venture high,
Flutter and Flounce, but have not Wing to fly.
Some in loose Words their empty Fancies bind,
Which whirl about with Chaff before the Wind.
Here brave Conceits in the Expression fail,
There, *Big* the Words, but with no *Sense* at all.
Still Stanhope's *Sense, might* Stanhope's *Language trust*,
Both poi'd, and always bold, and always Just.
None e're may reach that strange Felicity,
Where Thoughts are Easie, Words so sweet and Free,
Yet not descend one Step from Majesty.

I'll

I'll add but this, least while I think to raise,
His Fame I kindly injure him with Praise.
Spotless his Pulpit, and his Sermons quaint,
A Finish'd Preacher, and an equal Saint.

Let Learned *Hoadly* next his Station find,
Grown Man in Body now, but more in Mind;
His Looks are in the Mother's Beauty dreſt,
And Moderation has inform'd his Breaſt, (25)
He Preacht—(when he did Railing Fools deteſt)
But here great *Kneller* is thy skill confin'd,
Thou Can'ſt not Paint his Grave Polemick Mind,
That Task is for WISE *Calamy* aſſign'd.
The Painter's Pencil cannot make a Draught,
Of things unſeen, nor dares he paint a Thought,
'Tis neither Art nor Nature can amend him,
I ſhou'd but wrong him if I ſhou'd commend him;
No Pen the Praiſe he Merits can indite,
Himſelf to repreſent, himſelf muſt write:

With him let *Norris* be forever joyn'd,
Alike in Metaphyſicks, and in Mind,
He ſearcht *Malbranch*, (26) and now the *Rabbi* knows,
The ſecret Springs whence TRUTH and Errour flows,
Directed by his Leading-Light we paſs,
Through Nature's Rooms and tread in ev'ry Maze;
A Throng of Vertues in his Soul Repoſe,
Which ſingle wou'd as many Saints compoſe;
Or if all Graces you wou'd ſee in one,
View his HUMILITY for there 'tis found; (27)
Then Pulpit-Fools to *Norris all ſubmit*,
For here, or no where you will meet with Wit:
The Learned and the Brave ſurvive the Tomb,
Poets and Heroes Death itſelf o'ercome (28),
By what they write or act, Immortal made,
They only change their World, but are not dead:
Norris can never die, of Life ſecure,
As long as Fame or Aged Time endure.
A Tree of Life is ſacred Poetry,
Whoe'er has leave to taſte, can never die;
Many Pretenders to the Fruit there be,
Who, againſt Natures Will do pluck the Tree;

(25) He lately Publiſh'd a Sermon upon that Subject. (26) This is the Book which Mr. *Norris* does ſo much admire. (27) *Viz.* A Book he lately publiſh'd, entituled *A Practical Diſcourſe concerning Humility.* (28) He printed a Volume of Divine Poems, that will ſpread his Fame to the End of Time.

They

They nibble and are Damn'd; but only those
Have Life, who are by partial Nature chose
Norris is Nature's Darling, free to taste
Of all her Store, the Master of the Feast:
Not like Old *Adam*, stinted in his Choice,
But Lord of all the spacious Paradice:
Mysteriously the bounteous Gods were kind,
And in his Favour Contradictions joyn'd;
Honest, and Just, yet courted by the Great;
A *POET*, yet a plentiful Estate;
Witty, yet Wise; unenvy'd, and yet prais'd;
And shews the Age can be with Merit pleas'd:
Minerva and *Apollo* shall submit,
And *Norris* be the only God of Wit:
Press on *bright Saint*, and nobly climb the Sphere,
You yet at your Meridian don't appear;
Still soar, and nearer still to Heaven retire,
Be high that we may leisurely admire;
So that *great Light* to which we owe the Day,
With distance qualifies th' exorbitant Ray;
The *Levites* Soul we best of all define,
When from afar the lavish Vertues shine:
Let's now no more the partial Planets damn,
That each low Mortal does the Muse contemn;
None dare, when *Levites* wear the Name, deride,
We boast our Laurel to the Gown ally'd:
Let future Chronicles then, silent lie,
Nature now in her Zenith seems to be,
T' inrich our Age, beggars *Posterity*,
Oh may the World ne'er lose so brave a Flame!
May one succeed in *Genius* and in Fame,
May from his Urn, some *Phœnix Norris* rise,
Whom the admiring World like him may prize,
May he in his immortal Numbers sing,
And paint the Glories of our matchless Queen:
Oh may his Verse of Learned *Norris* taste!
And mend the coming Age, as he the last.

If these fam'd Preachers have thy Art refin'd,
Painter, draw *MOSS* that's dazling yet behind;
Paint sweetness in his Eyes at once, and awe,
And make his Looks preach Piety and LAW;
No Pulpit-Notes, or Angel ever sung,
More Harmony than dwells upon his Tongue;

Happy in Preaching, Dignity, and Parts.
And (which is strange) the Lawyers he converts, (25)
Who all Men know, have seared, *Sixty Hearts.*
But by his Pulpit Art and Eloquence,
These Stones are Flesh'd, (26) and Fools made Men of Sense.
His Voice sure is by Nightingales advanc'd,
He does but speak, and all Men he Intrance'd.

Paint *Flamstead* next in his High *Greenwich* Seat,
Where all the Arts of his Profession meet:
This is no *Pulpit Fool*, nor e'er will be,
He Preaches from Heav'n by Astronomy.
This *Rev'rend Man* from his Auspicious Hill,
Does all the Secrets of the Stars Reveal.
His *Astrolabes*, are made with so much Art,
They can the Distance of the Sun impart:
Disclose a Paralax i'th' Heavenly Sphere,
And shew the Place of ev'ry wandring Star.
F—— Stars themselves think it no scorn to be,
Plac'd and directed in their Way by thee;
Thou knowst their Vertue, and their Situation,
The Fate of Years, and ev'ry great Mutation.
With the same Kindness let them look on Earth,
As when they gave thee first thy happy Birth!
The gentle *Venus* rose with *Mercury*,
(*Presage of Softness in thy Poesie.*)
And *Jove* and *Mars* in Amicable Trine,
Do still give Spirit to thy polish'd *Line*.
Thou may'st do what thou wilt without Controul,
Only thy self and Heav'n can paint thy Soul.
Flamstead, *you wisely Preach*—at least we see
Celestial Motions all set right by thee.
In this *Divine*, Great *Archimedes* Sphere
Is so reviv'd, his *GENIUS* does appear;
His Text is Heav'n, (he does ev'n Gaze by Rule)
And is too *WISE* to act the Knave, or Fool.

But Painter be not—*Partial*——Act thy Part:
Let now the *Noncons* have their due Desert;
They Preach with *ZEAL*, and merit all thy Art.
The *Cons*—— have had their due; and now 'tis fit,
(If 'tent a *Schism*) to do Dissenters Right:
'Tis true the Jacks—such as S——*rel*,
Do Preach, To be a Whig, is to Rebel.

(25) He was chosen Preacher to a Society of Honourable and Pious Lawyers. (26) *Ezekiel* 11. 19.

They

They know 'tis False, but yet these Popish Tools,
Will Preach (*ay Swear*) that Whigs are canting Fools,
All meer Tub Preachers, Leaders of Sedition;
But Painter do 'em Justice in this Piece,
Give ev'ry Whig the Features in his Face,
Each has his Charmes, and all have each a Grace.

——Here Painter set *Gravener* to the Light,
You'll draw him first, or must have lost your Sight,
But stay, 'tis Gravener!—and it were a Crime,
For you to paint a Subject so sublime:
Since nothing but his own Celestial Layes,
Are fit the Author of such Worth to praise.
Ah *Pulpit-Fools!* were you in *Gravener's* Case,
Adorn'd with every Vertue, every Grace;
Your Lights won'd shine, and all your Pulpits flame.
He Thinks, Looks, Speaks, and does all things beside
As far from Ostentation as from Pride.
He's a *First-Rate* in the Dissenting Tribe,
What Age can equal, what Histories find,
Such Eloquence with so much Goodness joyn'd?
What shall I say, nor this nor that is best,
But all is better than can be expreſt;
And all Perfection is so given to all,
His Parts, that none is best, but each is all:
Gravener, no Painter can thy Worth display:
He draws —— and then some unexpected Ray
Keeps up his Wonder 'till his Sight decay;
Charnock and *Bates*, refin'd in thee revive,
In thee we see the famous *Calvin* live;
But since I on my Lyre can touch no String,
Equal to those great Merits I wou'd sing,
Hopeless to give such mighty Charms their due,
I'll leave the World to brighter Thoughts of you.

Draw *Stennet* next, in Verse and Pulpit nurs'd,
(And ask his Pardon that he was not first);
Here shew your Kindness to the Rhiming Tribe,
If you'd but Paint, as well as he'd Describe,
All Pulpit-Fools wou'd either mend or hide;
Give him that Look which Poets ought to have,
Give him that modest Look which Nature gave;
But *Stennet's* Worth no Limner need proclaim,
His Pulpit and his Verse do speak his Fame;
Stennet the Patron, and the Rule of Wit,
The Pulpits Honour, and the Saints delight,
The Soul of Goodness, and the spring of Sense,
The Poets Theam, Reproach, and every Bleſſing.

His

His Verse tho' numerous, flows in easie Strains;
Lofty as Hills, yet pliable as the Plains;
Each Thought so strong, so finish'd every Line,
All o'er we see so rich a Genius shine,
Oh more then Man we cry! oh Workmanship Divine!
If such bright Beams his Morning's dawn display,
What Flame and Light will paint the Riseing Day!
As smooth and musical his Numbers move,
As are the restless Spheres which roul above;
He still improves, and always pleases our Thought,
But lo! the heavenly Charmer soars aloft,
While Angels crowd and listen to his Song,
But not one Angel-Critick in the Throng,
That dares correct a Thought, they are so fine,
So nobly drest, so neat; and so Divine,
When *Stennet* RHIMES the very Angels sing,
Each airy Transport flowing from his String;
Which Joy they hear, and on their stretching Wing;
Proud of the Rapt'rous Load! and warbling o'er,
The sacred Song, to Antient Glories soar,
Whilst others twine fresh Garlands for his Brows,
And hover o'er their Care in shining Rows;
When Angels shouted from their Crystal Shoar,
And sung the wonders of creating Power,
Scarce sweeter did they sing, or more sublimely soar.
Courtly his Stile, as *Waller's* clear and neat,
Not *Cowley's* Sense more beautiful or great;
When he laments, we weep and mourn and die,
And labour in th' Extreams of Sympathy.
Our Royal *Will.* he rais'd above his Hearse,
Immortal made in his immortal Verse (27)
What Praises, *Stennet*, to thy skill are due,
Who hast to glorious *William* been so true?
By thee he moves our Hearts, by thee he Reigns
New Honour's done to his Immortal Pains!
You mourn as well as Preach in Doubtless Strains;
Preacher and Poet! 'tis excess of Skill
Scarce known in *England*, or in *Dryden's* Roll.
Thus you a Catalogue of Worthies show,
Th' *Æneas*, *Mars*, and *Messans* too;
You scorn the Pitch which we so highest reckon,
And not one Vertue, but a System seem
In all thy Poems we with wonder find,
Great *Beaumont's* Genius with sweet *Herbert* join'd,
Sweetness combin'd, with Majesty prepares,
To Wing Devotion with inspiring Airs.

(27) *He writ a most Ingenious Elegy upon the Death of King William, of which there was several Editions.*

I might

I might add more, to words that are ſo true,
This Tribute from each *Britiſh* Muſe is due,
Our whole *Poetick Tribe's* oblig'd to you.
Long may the Laurels on your Temples ſpread,
Nor wither 'till Eternal Crowns ſucceed.

The Youthful *Roſwel* next does come to ſight;
But here the Painter is diſparag'd quite,
For Great *Apelles* ſcarce cou'd do him Right:
Yet mix thy Colours, and attempt to paint
('Tho' that be all!) this *Famous Preaching Saint.*
In Fields of Science he the Conqueſt won,
When yet his Age had ſcarce the Bloom begun:
His *Thirteenth* Year gave Wonder and Surprize,
At *Twenty* he was moſt Divinely-wiſe,
And now breathes nought but Heavenly Extaſies.
So much a Saint, I ſcarce dare call him ſo,
For fear to wrong him with a Name too low;
Angel i'th' Pulpit, and a flowing Spring,
He talks from Heaven, his Mind is ev'ry thing.
His Wit ſo flows, that when he thinks to take
But Sermon-Notes, he oft new Sermons makes;
The *Reading Dons* can ſcarce be ſaid to preach,
(If Reading's Preaching, ev'ry fool may teach:)
But *Roſwel* ſhuts his Book, can't uſe a Note,
What's wrought i'th' Heart, flows from the Preacher's Throat.
Some Tuneful Being does his Breath inſpire
With Thoughts as noble as Celeſtial Fire:
When he exhorted unto——SELF-DENIAL, (28)
Our Fleſh was ſcarce corrected in the Tryal;
He prov'd our *Tears* ſo much our Joy and Treaſure,
That now our *Pennance* is our greateſt Pleaſure.
He painted *Death* to th' Life, has Eyes to ſee
How Spirits Act, and what they do, and be:
When he of late deſcrib'd the *Great Aſſize*,
(Where Pulpit-Fools are damn'd for telling Lyes)
He did ſo well the *Judgment-Seat* diſplay,
That had he ſeen that *Great* and *Flaming-Day*,
He could not add to what he then did ſay.
He talk'd of Heav'n in ſuch a glorious Strain,
As if he had dy'd (a while) to live again,
And now appears to tell what he had ſeen:
The Pains of *Hell* he did ſo well explore,
You'd (almoſt) think you heard the Damned roar;
Who heard thoſe Sermons, ſure, will ſin no more. (29)
He ſpeaks juſt what he pleaſe, but mind it ſtill,
He proves as faſt as he does ſpeak his Will.

(28) He lately preach'd a moſt Excellent Sermon upon Self-denial. (29) He is now preaching upon the *Four Laſt Things*, but 'tis only his Awakening (I might add Matchleſs) Sermons upon *Hell* that is here meant.

Big with important Senſe, his every Line
Speaks him a *MANTON*, or an old Divine.
In ſhort (and with thoſe words I take my Leave)
His *Evening Lectures*, (30) and his pious Breath,
Perfumes the Air, and makes a Heav'n on Earth.
I'll add but this, (for 'tis my very Soul)
He's Sermon-wiſe, and hates a *Pulpit Fool*.

Painter, to *Jewen-ſtreet* you now ſhall ſteer,
Here Angels, if on Earth, wou'd come to hear,
Where *Franks* does Preach, nothing is wiſh't but Ear:
Then let the Wiſe and Pious *Franks* advance,
Charming with ev'ry Word, with ev'ry Glance;
In Form an Angel, and a Saint in Mind;
No *Pulpit Fool*, for he is ſo refin'd,
He han't one Spot in Body or in Mind;
Fine, as his Preaching, paint his handſom Face,
Draw *Franks* but like, you give your Piece a Grace;
Blend for him all the Beauties e'er you knew,
For, Franks, *all handſom Faces meet in you*;
Such pleaſing Looks in midſt of Spring adorn
The flowry Fields; ſo ſmiles the Beauteous Morn,
With ſuch a Roſy Look, and ſuch an Air,
So lovely, ſo exceeding ſweet and Fair,
To us the Heavenly Meſſengers appear,
Whilſt that *Bright Soul* that Heav'n has plac'd within,
Makes ev'ry Charm with double Luſtre ſhine:
He looks ſo freſh, ſo ſhines with every Grace,
The Genuine Form excels the painted Face;
What wondrous Artiſt e'er cou'd draw ſo well,
As charming Nature where ſhe ſtrives t' excel.
Heav'n's Work before the Painter's we muſt rank,
Since it deſign'd its Maſter-piece in FRANK:
God, whoſe Reſemblance in each Face we view,
Has his *Own Image* (31) drawn for publick view,
And FRANKS we do (almoſt) ador't in you.
Too great his Worth, too vaſt to be defin'd,
His Body but the Picture of his Mind.
Thus, Painter, you ſee if you wou'd draw his *Face*,
(That's make it like, and not the SAINT diſgrace)
It muſt be *Serious*, *Handſom*, *Chaſte*, and *Young*,
One who charms with, and yet without a Tongue.
But hold,——To make him moſt Divinely fair;
Conſult his Soul, you'l find all Beauties there.

(30) In the *Old Jury*. (31) *Gen.* 1. 27.

Or

Or rather gaze upon that matchleſs Saint,
Whoſe Worth you can't, and therefore do not Paint;
I mean draw by his Learned Brother *Cullum*,
For if Grace makes an Angel, he is one;
Theſe both aſſiſt in the ſame work and Station,
And ſo united make a *CONSTELLATION*.
They harmonize, are free, and unconſtrain'd,
Two Brothers ſweetly walking hand in hand;
They're ſo intirely twiſted, that alone,
Not one is view'd, they're both together one;
As twinkling Spangles that together lie,
Join Forces and make up one Galaxie;
As various Gums diſſolving in one Fire,
Together in one fragrant Flame expire;
Preach then, United Souls, and Preach 'till Death,
Preach for the ſame —— United is your Breath,
Levites thus joyn'd do wear the Pulpit Wreath.

Whoſe Face ſhall next be taken? —— good Sir hark,
Can any Guide compare with *Franks*, but *CLARK*?
Clark who like *Franks*, has Action without blame,
Clark who like him, is ev'ry good Man's Theam;
Clark by all Ears admir'd, for whom all Pray
And if he dies, all Earth will mourn that Day [32]
Clark, who the Pulpit-Fools do dread and ſhun,
Becauſe his Fame is bright, and their's is gone;
Clark who ſo many Pious Charms commands,
As won't diſgrace the Piece where *Palmer* ſtands.

Painter, to make thy laſting Fame renown'd,
Let all be with the *Matchleſs Palmer* crown'd;
SUM all in him that's Good, and Learn'd, and Great,
Place him in Learning's, and in *Bates*'s Seat;
For they that hear him, hear the moſt Compleat.
He SHINES in WIT, and yet is ſo ſedate,
That none can equal, beſt but imitate:
His Thoughts are *Fine*, and deep, and all agree,
That Praiſes here, a *Kinder Libel be.*
Sam Palmer—is on purpoſe made by Fate,
That Prieſts might have a GUIDE to imitate.
In *Palmer* ſee, in *Palmer* all admire,
What Nature, Books, and Honour can inſpire.
Were *WESLEY* but impartial, he would own,
His Learned Anſwer laſht him to the Bone.

[32] This Character was written upon the melancholy News, that Mr. *Clark* was dying; but he recover'd again, to the great Joy of his Hearers, and all good Men whatſoever.

A better

A better VINDICATION (33) none cou'd write,
Nor any *Satyr* shew us half that Wit:
Strict Sense appears in the most careless Line;
And in the most exact, the *Graces* shine.
Here *Marvel*'s Phancy easily is wrought,
And *Owen*'s Learned Turn improv'd by Thought.
Bates's Pen, *How*'s Depth with *Alsop*'s Wit is join'd,
And still each Authors Genius is refin'd.
Then if my Muse to her wish'd height wou'd climb,
She must this World, and *Pulpit Fools* decline;
And still with Palmer *every Thought refine.*
But he (pity *Dissenters* ben't awake)
Preaches for little more than Preaching's sake.
Palmer——('tis strange such Worth en't understood)
Takes pleasure still, like Heav'n, in doing good.
Here *Palmer*, I shou'd dwell upon thy Praise,
Admire thy *Preaching*, and delight to gaze
Upon thy Face;——cou'd but my *labouring* Eyes,
Preserve their Strength, and Visive Faculties;
But all is SUMM'D in——*Palmer's Truly Wise.*

Stop Muse! —— for others do attract the sight,
Who are (not Fools, but) most divinely bright)
But I han't time to do all Pulpits Right:
Besides *Two Thousand* that remain in Fame,
Deserve a *Cowley* to imbalm their Name;
But least the *Pulpit-Fools*, who still are blind,
To Men of Sense, shou'd swear there's none behind
I shall a dozen others (barely) Name,
Whose Praise has (almost) crack'd the Trump of Fame.

If *Calamy* unto the Painter sate,
He'd make—— but Time denies to tell you what;
Sum all the Vertues up, and he is that!
Nay, shou'd the Painter all his Colours store,
He cou'd not Praise 'till he deserv'd no more:
Stars in their rising, very little show,
And send forth trembling Flames; but, *Calamy*, thou
At first appearance, do'st to all display
A shining, bright, and unobscured Day,
Such as shall fear no Cloud, no Night, nor shall,
Thy setting ever be *Heliacal*;
But grow up to a SUN, that you may take,
A shining Laurel for your Zodiack;

(33) I allude here to Mr. *Palmer*'s Book entituled, *A VINDICATION of the Learning, Loyalty, Morals, and most Christian Behaviour of the Dissenters toward the* Church of England, *in Answer to* Mr. Wesly's *Defence of his Letter, concerning the Dissenters Education in their Private Academies.*

That

That all the *Levites* which henceforth arise,
May only be thy Foils (or Parelies)
Thy Foils! but, Sir, there is no need of that,
You do so far transcend the common rate;
I heard you Preach —— but fear you'd make an end,
Lessen'd the Pleasure that your Words did lend:
And as you Preach you Write, both's so DIVINE,
Such native sweetness flows in ev'ry Line,
The Reader cannot chuse but SWEAR 'tis thine.
Who reads your [*moderate Non-Conformity,*]
Or *Hoadly*'s tender (and yet sharp) Reply.
Will find the Contest, all the Jangle lies,
Which of you two are *MODERATELY WISE* [38]
[And who are not] are Pulpit-Fools or Spies,
For MODERATION all good Men are bent,
Such Men are WISE, and love through all DISSENT,
Ev'n *Hoadly* owns that Bigots must Repent [39]
Then, Reverend Sir, your Non-Conformities,
[Being Moderate] does prove you truly Wise.
Thus ev'ry Line which you to *Hoadly* sent,
Builds for yourself a lasting Monument;
Brave Sense this Priviledge hath, tho' all be Dumb,
That is the Author's Epitaph, and Tomb.
But I employ [so rising is your Name]
My Pen in vain to overtake your Fame;
Let *Hoadly* Praise you, for I do aspire,
Enough to Worth, whilst I your Worth admire;

Showers—— thy Name and Nature both agree,
For both [yes both] refreshing *Showers* — be:
You're *Chrysostome* let down from Beams on high,
You Preach like him—— charm with his Oratory:
So moving are your Sermons, that 'tis clear,
You've brought the Rhet'rick of the Angels here;
So Pious in your Life, so Humble in your Place,
We think you brought up in the School of Grace;
'Twas never known at once that Nature meant,
To mould a Subject and an Accident.
Thy Name and Nature do so well agree,
Thy Name another Nature seems to be,
And as we HEAR, we make it out in thee;
The Letters to the Humour's so well set,
They show the brightest in the Alphabet;
Names may be chang'd, and many often do,
But to change Thine's to change your Nature too;

(38) I mean so Wise as to prefer Moderation (and a due Temper) to all Noise and Bigotry.

(39) See his late Sermon upon Moderation.

Thy Name and Nature constitute a Bliss,
Nothing but Heav'n sure had a hand in this,
Thy Name by mortal Man was never given,
But in a *New-Years-Gift* [40] was sent from Heav'n;
Your Pulpit's fragrant, for you Preach in Flowers,
And when the Hearer's truly blest, it——*SHOWERS*,
Showers indeed! for both thy Tongue and Pen,
Has often made our Graces spring agen;
Thou art restor'd, but with how strange a Fate,
Return'd almost from the eternal Gate;
'Twas nois'd this Day [41] there dy'd the fruitful *Shower*
Our Tears did weep thy Loss, as past all Cure;
But yet the King of Death cou'd not sustain
Our Grief, and sent the Fates their Threads again;
Thou know'st what Tears thy false Death caus'd for thee;
Enjoy thy self in thy Posterity,
Live as thine own Surviver, hug thy Joy;
A Life return'd will never lose a Day.

The *Comment-Preacher*——next my Muse Essays
But 'tis in vain, for time alone can raise,
A Poem fit to sing great *Henry*'s Praise:
Yet this I'll say, (for *Chester* knows 'tis true,)
Hyperboles in others are his due;
Shou'd *Angels* come from Heav'n, ('tis my Sense,)
They'd not be heard with greater Reverence;
All Pulpits own his Learned Pieces raise,
A Work to trouble Fame, astonish Praise;
His *Comments* are so full, and yet so trim,
We praise all Vertues in admiring him.

Lewis——— is Learned, Wise, and Temperate,
In him the Graces have a Noble seat,
For he is built like some *Imperial Room*,
For these to dwell in, and be still at Home:
His Breast is a brave Palace, a Broad-street,
Where all Heroick, Pious Thoughts do meet;
Where Nature such a large survey hath ta'ne,
As other Souls, to his, live in a Lane.
To find a *WHIG* in ev'ry Grace excel,
Is rare,——but *Lewis* is that Miracle:
He is indeed that *Good Samaritan*,
That cloaths the Poor, and heals the wounded Man;

(40) His excellent Treatise entitul'd, Reflexions on Time and Eternity, is here meant.

(41) This Line owes its Rise to a Report that was spread in *London* that Mr. *Showers* was dead, as indeed he was very near it, his Life being despair'd of (at that Time) by his very Physicians.

His

His Preaching and his Alms do both agree,
He don't like *Stiv'ns* preach up Charity,
And give as if he wanted your Supply.
He is——But he that wou'd this Saint commend,
Shall find nothing ſo hard as how to end.

Manduits, a Poliſht Levite, and his Name,
Becomes the wonder and diſcourſe of Fame;
Each verdant Laurel, ev'ry Mirtle Bough,
Are ſtript for *Wreaths* t' adorn and load his Brow:
But ſhall I praiſe him? when all Men agree,
(Except ſuch Pulpit-Fools that will not ſee)
Who tells his Worth, ſeems to write Poetry.

Makes Nature Maps? ſince, Learned *FREKE*, in thee
Sh' has drawn a Living Univerſity:
Or ſtrives ſhe in ſo *ſmall* a *Pulpit* Piece,
To ſum the Lib'ral Arts and Sciences?
Nature (in *Freke*) does to the World declare,
No bulky Kite can with the Lark compare:
For *FREKE*, (tho' Small) is *GREAT* in what is rare.
Once Nature writ Large, *(or Text-hand)* and 'twas then
She ſcribled mighty Giants, and not Men:
But now in her Decrepit, Doating Years,
She daſhes Learned Dwarfs in Characters,
She can't make *FOOLS* of Little Pulpiteers.
No, ſhe turns Artiſt here to Imitate,
Monte-Regio's Matchleſs Flying Gnat:
Would Nature here the *Golden Legend* ſhut,
Within the *Cloiſter* of a little Nut;
Or Pen a ſoaring Eagle in the Caul
Of a young, ſlender, charming Nightingale:
Or, wou'd ſhe ſhew, ſhe PIGMIES can create,
Not too little, but fitly ſiz'd, and Neat:
Nature here ſhews, how little Matter can
So truly big *(as FREKE)* a Form contain.
His Age is blab'd abroad by Silver Hairs,
FAME ranks him with the Graveſt Pulpiteers,
But all his Limbs ſtill cry out want of Years.
Here's a VAST Mind, 'tho' in a little Cage,
For *FREKE*'s Great Vertues double twice his Age.
So *GREAT A SOUL* as his does, fret and fume,
At th' Narrow World (meerly) for want of Room;
Strange Conjunction! for there in *FREKE* is grown
A little Molehill, and the *Alps* in one:
In the ſame Action we may truly call
Nature both Thrift, and a great Prodigal.

Walker,

Walker, —— I judge, is made of *Earth refin'd*,
At his bleſt Birth the gentle *Planets* ſhin'd;
Praiſe him who liſt, he ſtill ſhall be his debter,
For Art ne'er feign'd, nor Nature fram'd a better.
A Better! —for Equals he has that ſhine and ſpeak,
In *Spademan*, *Taylor*, and the Learned *FREKE*,
Evans, *Wright*, *Hughs*, *Shute*, *Billingſly* and *Leak*.

Having named the GUIDES that Live and Preach by Rule,
I'll re-aſſume my Theme of *Pulpit-Fool*.
Sing on, my Muſe, upon this mad Extreme,
Inlarge my Thought, and influence my Theme;
That, as *Amphion* with his Melody,
The *Theban* Walls rais'd to Auguſt Degree;
So, healing Satyr, *in my Honeſt Verſe*,
Curs'd Railing from all Pulpits may diſperſe.
The Homely Muſe, 'tis true, is plainly dreſt,
Yet by the Antients always thought the beſt:
And who Himſelf within this MIRROUR ſees,
Finds what inſtructs him, tho' it does not pleaſe.
I ſay, *Inſtructs him*, for I have deſcry'd
The *Wiſe* and Learned ſtill on Vertue's ſide,
And that of ev'ry Pulpit Sect and Tribe.
'But where God does erect a Houſe of Prayer,
'*The Devil always builds a Chappel there*; (42)
'And 'twill be found upon Examination,
'*The latter has the largeſt Congregation*:
'For ever ſince he firſt debaucht the Mind,
'He made a perfect Conqueſt of Mankind;
'With *Uniformity* of Service, he
'Reigns with a general *Ariſtocracy*:
'*No Nonconforming Sects diſturbs his Reign*,
'For of his Yoak there's very few complain.
'*He needs no ſtanding Army-Government*,
'He always Rules us by our own Conſent,
'And more by *Pulpit-Fools*, than Men of wiſe Intent.
'For ſuch as theſe are all the Devil's Slave,
'And ev'ry Grace, but Charity, they have.
This makes 'em rail, and ſuch a Common-evil,
That good Men think—*a Pulpit-Fool the Devil*:
His Actions and his Coat alike are Black,
And he's a Carnal Devil in the Dark.
Where ſuch Inſtruct there is a hopeful School,
For he's twice damn'd that is a Pulpit-Fool.

(42) 'Tis a Proverb, *Where God has a Church, the Devil has a Chappel.*

The

The Wise and Learned Preachers, I confess,
Are treble to the Men of Emptiness,
But yet you'll find, (and that in *London* Town)
Some *Pulpit-Fools* that scandalize their Gown.
'The *Country Poor* do by Example live,
'The Gentry lead them, and the *Tackers* drive; (43)
'What may we not from such Example hope,
'*The Landlord is their* God, *the Priest their* Pope.'
Where such as these do to the Pulpit go,
They are the Faction's Trumpet, Devil's Bow:
You see't in *H*——who never will Repent,
In *L*——who scribbles meerly to foment,
And in some snarling Blockheads that dissent.
Thus *Pulpit-Fools*, when they have taken root,
Like Weeds in Corn, are ne'er to be got out;
But by a spreading Rise of Soul inur'd,
Grow to an Habit, and can ne'er be cur'd.
There's other *Pulpit-Fools* I here cou'd name,
Who rail like these, and have as little Shame;
But the *Plain-dealing-Muse* is loth to try
Her smarting Lash, upon a Point too high:
Besides, if they repent, I wou'd condole,
I ne'er will lash *the (weeping) Pulpit-Fool.*

Yet here I shall such *Pupit-Fools* rehearse,
As are beneath a *Poet-aster's* Verse:
For drunken *Spidel* can't the Lash escape,
The *Bristol* Jester, and the *Tacker's* Ape;
Was born a Blockead, nor by Art Improv'd;
By *Tories* slighted, nor by *Whigs* belov'd;
The Bad contemn him, hated by the Best,
And none cares him but the *Tacking Priest.*

Let wicked *Viret* next ascend the Stage,
Whose very Looks wou'd taint a vertuous Age:
Some Men to Vertue their Alliance boast,
Yet use their Vices at the Peoples cost;
Give but a Place, his Head with Honour Crown,
And soon the *Knave*, or *Honest-man* is known!
Viret, till now had been a *Pulpit-Saint*,
Had talk'd of Grace, and fill'd our Ears with Cant;
Had not Preferment prov'd a solid Jest,
Thrown off the Veil, and shew'd the Sensual Beast.

(43) By *Tackers* here, is meant *Tacking-Clergy.*

Proceed, my *Muse!* Another Fool display,
That Pulpit-Fool, whose Name is *Thomas D*——
This Sot, when young, had wondrous signs of Grace,
A gloomy Dulness play'd about his Face,
And gave good Omens he wou'd serve his Race.
Sometimes his heat of Zeal so far wou'd reach,
That he amongst the Foolish *Jacks* wou'd preach;
For Chastity he thought was scarce a Grace,
But drunk and whor'd with *O*——*ld's* wanton Race.
How many Plagues from one Wife sometimes grow,
Yet *Rampant Thomas* he cou'd marry two;
Cou'd please them both, and give 'em store of Pelf,
Yet lov'd his *Female* Neighbour as himself:
He boldly sinn'd, nor fear'd a foul Mishap,
His Physick still cou'd soder up a Clap;
Thomas well knew, by Arts not understood,
What Drugs wou'd sweeten and augment the Blood;
He made himself to Forreign Troops a Prey,
Then by the Light they kindled run away.

Nor must dull *Adekiah* be forgot,
Who ne'er had Sense enough to make a Plot;
He ne'er to Thought nor Meaning made pretence;
And his Estate is equal to his Sense;
His want of Wit so much does raise his Zeal,
That he to *Jacks* as unto Saints does kneel:
'Twas want of Sense, as some Men do account,
That was a *Stirrup* for this Priest to mount;
For who but Fools, and such as Reason lack,
Wou'd stoop and bear a Strumpet on his Back?
Drudge on, lewd Fool; and the dull slav'ry feel,
Bear if thou wilt thy burthen down to Hell.

Of *Pulpit-Fools*, let *Nobs* next lead the Van,
By Nature form'd more like an *Ass* than Man;
His early Years did good Presages give,
That he in Age to Lewdness wou'd arrive,
A hard fatigue he ne'er approv'd in Fights,
But War he wag'd against our Civil Rights:
'Twas from this Fool did spring the *Jacobites.*

Of *Chinner*'s Son, my Muse the Story tell,
Relate the Legend of wise *Philatel*,
Who ne'er cou'd act, nor speak, nor think aright,
But is in every thing a Jacobite:

He labours hard to cleanſe and rinſe his Tub,
To brew ſtrong Liquors for the *Tacking-Club*:
The drudging Fool takes not a little pains,
To find them Liquor, tho' not pay'd for Grains;
Lord! what a precious Thing is want of Brains!

Nature on Y—— an ugly Meen did paſs,
Has ſhewn the Knave and Fool upon his Face.
His Ears are long, he has a harden'd Skull,
You in his very Face may read the Fool:
There's handſom *Grange*, and witty jilting *Beſs*,
Inſtructs the Noddle of this Pulpit Aſs;
With frantick Notions does his Mind perplex,
And make him talk as wiſely as their Sex.

Faint not, my angry Muſe, at laſt, but write
Sangator's Praiſe, tho' gloomy as the Night;
'Tis ſtrange the Fool cou'd ne'er his Wit refine,
Who trades in Hogſheads of *Madera* Wine,
Much like ſome *Bacchus* does his Liquor prove;
And what he gets in Wine, he ſpends in Love.

' In the laſt place, to help the *Trimmers* wants,
' Join a long train of Under-graduate Saints,
' Call'd (44) *Moderate-men*, of Human-kind the Blot;
' A mungrel Breed 'twixt *Engliſh-man* and *Scot*,
' A Medly Rout, a Parti-colour'd Pack,
' Like *Tawny*, 'twixt a White-man and a Black:
' Equivocal Non-ſenſe, ſprung from Clouds and Dreams,
' For ev'ry Sect's a mean betwixt Extreams!
' The *Jew*, the *Popelin*, and the *Muſſelman*,
' May all lay claim to th' golden Name of MEAN:
' Thus *Half-wit* is of middle Excellence,
' 'Twixt downright Folly and exalted Senſe;
' And th' airy Kingdom where black *Demons* dwell,
' *Is own'd a middle ſtage 'twixt Heav'n and Hell.*
' The ſpruce beſpangled Fop that pores on Miſs,
' And ſells his manly Freedom for a Kiſs;
' Who free from future Harms and void of Fears,
' His Heav'n, like *Atlas*, on his ſhoulders wears;
And ſhews his Wiſdom chiefly in his Dreſs,
On which depends his Fame and Happineſs;

(44) A true *Moderate-man*, (or Trimmer) is an Excellent and Laudable Character; but here I ſpeak of the common abuſive ſenſe of the Words, which I thought fit to hint, to prevent wrong Conſtructions.

Is

Is ſcarce more vile than that vain-glorious Clod,
That plays with decent Forms before his God:
Miſchief's his darling province and delight,
He goes to Church, not out of Zeal, but Spight;
His quarrels with the Prayers which he does uſe,
And what he ſwallows, up again he ſpews;
He nauſeates *Manna*, loaths his daily Food,
And truly has no ſtomach to be good:
The Church where he does preach he ſeeks t' undo,
By which dull *Ambodexter* lets you know,
His higheſt Flights of Zeal are paint and ſhew.

A numerous herd beſide ſhou'd here take place,
Of the ſame Tribe, (Men that the Gown diſgrace;)
For, Sirs, there's Pulpit-Fools of every ſize,
Men verſt in Tacking and in Forming Lyes,
'Tis an *Herculean* Labour to recite
Their Names, too tedious for a Muſe to write;
To laſh their Follies is an endleſs work,
It is to cleanſe a *Moor*, and Chriſtianize a *Turk*:
And where's the MUSE will thus it ſelf demean,
To make this *vile Augean* Stable clean?
Not Letchers ty'd to Diet-drink and Rules,
Are plagu'd like Poets when they write of Fools;
Unleſs ſome MARVEL from the Dead ariſe,
And lay their Tacking Sins before their Eyes,
There is no hopes to make ſuch *Blockheads* wiſe.

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FINIS.

☞ There is preparing for the Preſs—*HEAVEN*. Or, *The Celeſtial Court*; An Heroick Poem. Attempted by the Author of *The Pulpit Fool*.